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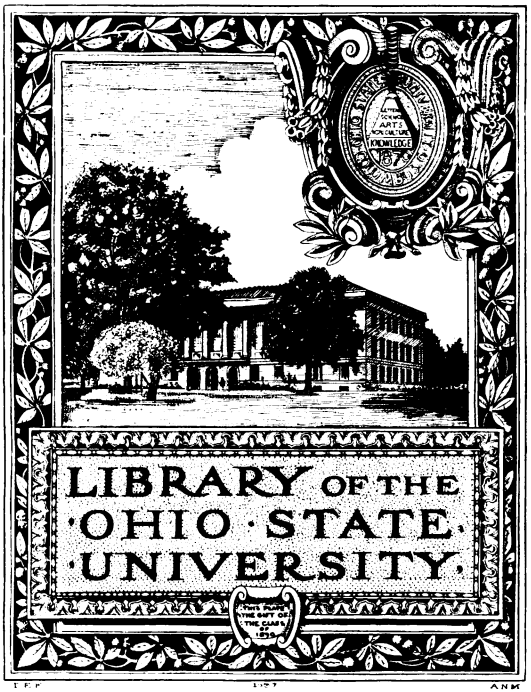

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THE

COZENERS;

A COMEDY,

IN THREE ACTS;

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL in the HAYMARKET.

WRITTEN BY THE LATE

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

AND NOW PUBLISHED BY

Mr. COLMAN.

LONDON,
Printed by T. Sherlock,
For T. CADELL, in the Strand.

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THE

COZENERS;

A COMEDY,

WRITTEN by Mr. FOOTE,

PUBLISHED by Mr. COLMAN.

[Price One Shilling and Sixpence.]

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PROLOGUE.

Written by Mr. GARRICK,

Spoken by Mr. FOOTE.

IN trifling works of Fancy, wits agree,
That nothing tickles like a ſimile:
And ſo, by way of tuning you to laughter,
With which, I hope, you'll tickle us hereafter,
From our poetick ſtorehouſe, we produce
A couple, ſpick and ſpan for preſent uſe.
Dramatick writers were, like watchmen, meant
To knock down Vice—few anſwer the intent;
Both ſhould be quick to ſee and ſeize their game;
But both are ſometimes blind, and ſometimes lame:
Can thoſe cry *ſtand*, while they themſelves are reeling?
Can thoſe catch thieves, while they themſelves are ſtealing?
When wanted moſt, the watch a nap will take—
Are all our comick authors quite awake?
Or, what is worſe, by which they ſtill come near 'em,
Are not you more than half aſleep who hear 'em?
I, your old watchman, here have fix'd my ſtand,
On many a vice and folly laid my hand:
'Twas you cried *watch!* I limp'd at your command.
Let me, like other watchmen, bleſs the times,
And take the privilege to nod betimes;
Nor let your frowns now force me on a fright
To cry——"*Paſt ſeven o'clock, and a cloudy night!*"
But, with your patience not to be too free,
We'll change the ſubject and the ſimile.
To chaſe a ſmuggling crew, who law deride,
We launch a cutter of three guns this tide:
With your aſſiſtance, we will make the foe
Sink, or ſubmit to CAPTAIN TIMBERTOE.
Ye pirate criticks, fall not foul on me!
If once I ſink, I founder in the ſea.
In this condition, can I ſwim to ſhore?
I'm cork'd, 'tis true; but then I want an oar.
You oft have ſav'd my little bark from ſinking;
I am no fiſh, ſave me from water-drinking!

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. AIRCASTLE,	*Mr. Foote.*
TOBY,	*Mr. Weſton.*
Mr. O'FLANNAGAN,	*Mr. Banniſter,*
COLONEL GORGET,	*Mr. Aickin.*
FLAW,	*Mr. Wilſon.*
TOM,	*Mr. Fearon.*
MOSES MANASSES,	*Mr. Burton.*
ROGER,	*Mr. Griffith.*
HELLEBORE,	*Mr. Baddeley,*
PRIG,	*Mr. Parſons.*
Servant,	

Mrs. FLEECE'EM,	*Miſs Sherry.*
Mrs. SIMONY,	*Mrs. Gardner.*
Mrs. AIRCASTLE,	*Miſs Platt.*
BETSY BLOSSOM,	*Mrs. Jewell,*
MARIANNE,	*Mrs. Smith.*
Maid,	

THE

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ADVERTISEMENT.

SOME copies of ſpurious impreſſions of this Comedy, and of the Maid of Bath, having been printed and circulated before the application to the Court of Chancery for an Injunction, it has been thought adviſable, in vindication of the property of the Editor, as well as in juſtice to the deceaſed Author, immediately to commit to the preſs genuine editions of the two dramatick pieces above-mentioned, together with the Comedy of the Devil Upon Two Sticks, which had been alſo without authority advertiſed for publication.

On inſpection of the ſpurious impreſſions, it appears, that all the errors of careleſs and ignorant tranſcribers are there religiouſly preſerved; and all the additions and improvements, made by the facetious Writer, are omitted. Many inſtances of this will occur on peruſal of this Comedy; in which, beſides the reſtoration of ſeveral paſſages always ſpoken on the ſtage, the Reader will find a whole ſcene, at the end of the Firſt Act, and another, ſtill more entertaining and

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and popular, at the beginning of the Third; both which were wholly wanting in the ſpurious Impreſſions.

Unauthorized publications are not only always detrimental to private property, but commonly prove injurious to the publick: For the copies, being obtained by clandeſtine and indirect means, are, for the moſt part, as has happened in the preſent inſtance, incorrect and imperfect.

PROLOGUE.

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THE COZENERS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Mrs. Fleece'em and Flaw.

Mrs. Fleece'em.

NOT a word more! you put me out of all patience.

Flaw. Well, but, madam Fleece-'em, liſten, I beg, to a little reaſon.

Mrs. Fl. Reaſon? had you the leaſt atom about you, you would reſt contented with our preſent agreement.

Flaw. But ſurely, madam, a change of circumſtances——

Mrs. Fl. Change? And pray, maſter Flaw, how are mine changed for the better? Anſwer me a few ſhort queſtions, and deny what I ſay, if you can. When I was compelled, by the cruel laws of this country, to go into exile for

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taking by miſtake a ſmall parcel of lace out of a ſhop in the Strand, did not I chooſe Boſton for my place of retirement?

Flaw. Granted.

Mrs. Fl. Did not I paſs there, by means of letters from mynheer Van Smuggle of Rotterdam, for a perſon moſt honourably and nobly allied?

Flaw. For aught I know.

Mrs. Fl. Did not I receive a handſome preſent from that merchant, for promoting the running Dutch teas, and rejecting thoſe imported from England?

Flaw. Like enough.

Mrs. Fl. Did not my burning the firſt pound of Souchong, and my ſpeeches at Faneuil-Hall, and the Liberty-Tree, againſt the colonies contributing to diſcharge a debt to which they owe their exiſtence, procure me the love and eſteem of the people?

Flaw. May be ſo.

Mrs. Fl. And what, but your letters, could induce me to return to a country where I had been treated ſo ill? But ſure, you muſt have forgot your propoſals; here they are, and ſigned by yourſelf. Let me ſee!—[*Reads.*] "Articles "of Agreement between Philip Flaw, of "Thavies-Inn, in the city of London, on one "part,

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" part, and Felicia Fleece'em, late of Boſton,
" but now of Pall-Mall."

Flaw. But what occaſion——

Mrs. Fl. " *Imprimis*, That the ſaid Felicia
" do take a handſome houſe, at the Weſt end
" of the town, with ſuitable ſervants; for the
" furniſhing of which the ſaid Flaw engages to
" procure her credit."

Flaw. And have not I?

Mrs. Fl. " Secondly, that the ſaid Flaw ſhall
" circulate, privately and publickly, in taverns,
" coffee-houſes, Journals, Chronicles, Morning
" and Evening-Poſts, and Courants, that the ſaid
" Felicia is a perſon of great addreſs and abi-
" lities; and that, by means of many powerful
" connections, ſhe is able to procure poſts,
" places, preferments of all conditions and
" ſizes; to raiſe caſh for the indigent, and pro-
" cure good ſecurities for ſuch as are wealthy;
" ſuitable matches for people who want huſ-
" bands and wives, and divorces for thoſe who
" wiſh to get rid of them."

Flaw. And have not I performed every tittle? have not my expences in attending plays, operas, maſquerades, and Pantheons, not to mention ſubſcription-money to moſt of the clubs, and coteries, amounted to a moſt enormous——

Mrs. Fl. I am near at an end.—[*Reads.*]

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" That the ſaid Flaw ſhall at all times adviſe
" the ſaid Felicia how far ſhe may go without
" incurring the law; for all which he is to
" receive out of the neat profits thirty *per cent.*"
—You ſee, Sir!

Flaw. I do.

Mrs. Fl. And don't you think *that* a very ample proviſion?

Flaw. But conſider, madam, I have ſacrificed my whole time to your buſineſs, and I don't believe the law has procured me——

Mrs. Fl. The law? What, a little, private agency at the Old Bailey? a wonderful ſacrifice! fy, fy, Mr. Flaw!

Flaw. You are the laſt perſon, Mrs. Fleece'em, that ſhould caſt ſuch a reflection as that: Unleſs I miſtake, my attendance there was pretty uſeful to you.

Mrs. Fl. To me?

Flaw. Without my ſkill and addreſs, your laſt voyage to America would have been changed to a much ſhorter trip.

Mrs. Fl. Sir!

Flaw. A tour to Tyburn, in a tim-whiſky and two, would have concluded your travels.

Mrs. Fl. Why, you impertinent, infamous, petty-fogging puppy, it was through your ignorance that I was obliged to travel at all.

Flaw.

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Flaw. Mine?

Mrs. Fl. Did not Alick Alibi, before your face, at Blackwall, in the Tranſport, declare, that he never ſaw ſuch a bungling buſineſs; that if he had been employed——

Flaw. Alibi?

Mrs. Fl. You know him, I fancy.

Flaw. Perfectly: As, madam, you think him ſo wonderfully clever, you had better employ him; I am ready to reſign, in his favour.

Mrs. Fl. That is ungenerous in you, Mr. Flaw, to inſult a gentleman under misfortunes: You know the clipping and filing affair compels him to keep a little private at preſent.

Flaw. Oh, then, that's the reaſon I am conſulted? ſweet madam, your ſervant! But, madam, I muſt deſire you to find out ſome other agent: I declare off! you ſha'n't make a ſtop-gap of me!

Mrs. Fl. Sir!

Flaw. Our accounts are eaſily ſettled: Let me ſee! Seven pounds ſeven ſhillings, from the brewer's clerk, who is gone with your recommendatory letters to India.

Mrs. Fl. Nine pounds, if you pleaſe.

Flaw. Seven. The reſt paid out of my pocket to Kitt Copywell, for manufacturing the letters from the directors.

Mrs.

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Mrs. Fl. Very well! Have you got the fellow aboard?

Flaw. Sailed the latter end of the week.

Mrs. Fl. Then there is the crimp's money, for procuring the company an able recruit.

Flaw. Already deducted, for promising to get Bob Blueskin a reprieve at the——

Mrs. Fl. These, Mr. Flaw, are but trifling affairs; they may be settled at some other time.

Flaw. I am ready, whenever you please: And so, madam Fleecee'm, I am your most humble, and very—— Oh! I had like to have forgot; if any thing should happen, that I may not be blamed, *in futuro*, I would advise you to take care of yourself: I overheard Luke Lockup, the turnkey, say, as you passed by in a coach, that he had some notion of having seen you before, and wanted much to know where you lodged.

Mrs. Fl. Luke Lockup? why, how is it possible he could——

Flaw. I know nothing of that: Foreseeing, indeed, that such a thing might possibly happen, I had provided a couple of people to prove that you were shipwreck'd on the Western coast; so that, though you were returned before your time from your travels, it was none of your fault;

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fault; but that is all over now; Mr. Alibi will, no doubt, take proper care.

Mrs. Fl. Nay, as to that, Mr. Flaw, there is no man living to whose care I would sooner trust myself than your own; but sure in this affair we have been both of us rather too quick. Let us coolly consider: I am sure, I am the furthest in the world from—— But come; let us know what are your further demands?

Flaw. I scorn, madam, to take any advantage: As our risques and labour are equal, an equal partition; that's all.

Mrs. Fl. I consent to the agreement.

Flaw. Very well. I will prepare a draft to lay before council; which, when approved, you will sign?

Mrs. Fl. Without scruple; that being settled, let us come a little to business. What new game have you sprung?

Flaw. Plenty, plenty; the family I expected out of the country is come.

Mrs. Fl. Father, mother, and son! have you seen them?

Flaw. I received their note but this instant; They have made a little mistake I believe as to their lodgings.

Mrs. Fl. How so?

Flaw. I advised them, at their coming to town

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town to ſtay at one of the Hotels for a week or ten days; inſtead of that, they are got to a Bagnio.

Mrs. Fl. A Bagnio?

Flaw. At the ſign of the Lamb, in Long-Acre.

Mrs. Fl. Nay, for aught I know, that place will beſt anſwer our purpoſe.

Flaw. I muſt ſtep directly to the Salopian Coffee-Houſe; Enſign Gaters is to ſend you a hundred for obtaining him a ſtep in his corps. Here; I have brought you the complimentary cards to put over the chimney.

[*Gives her the cards.*

Mrs. Fl. That's right. Let me ſee:—*The Duke of—beſt reſpects—Earl of—Viſcount*—Ah, ah; very well! Have you prevailed on the coachman you mentioned?

Flaw. He has promiſed to parade before your houſe for an hour, after his maſter is ſet down at the Cockpit. A couple of ſervants to wait at the door, as if the great man was above, will be right.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. A note, Sir, from a perſon below.

Flaw. Let us ſee it.—[*Reads.*] "Mr. O'Flan-"nagan's compliments to Mr. Flaw, and as he "perhaps may not chooſe to be at home to him, "being

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" being at another body's houſe, begs to know " where he may ſee him this evening."—A bagatelle; ſome trifling affair.

Mrs. Fl. You had therefore better diſpatch him at once. Shew him up.

Flaw. He brought me a recommendatory letter this morning; but I was in a hurry, and deſired him to meet me here about this time. Here he is.

Enter Mr. O'Flannagan.

O'Flan. Mr. Flaw, I am your moſt humble ſarvant. Madam, I am yours unknown.

Flaw. Well, Mr. O'Flannagan, what are your commands with me?

O'Flan. Oh, Mr. Flaw, we will poſtpone that, if you pleſe: I hope I am a little better bred than to mention any thing of my private affairs before ladies; their little ears, ſweet craturs, ſhould be tickled with nothing but love.

Flaw. True, true; but here you may ſuſpend your politeneſs a little; for, unleſs I am miſtaken, it is to this lady's good offices you muſt be oblig'd in your preſent purſuit.

O'Flan. Oh! that indeed alters the caſe. Why then, madam, this is my buſineſs at once: You muſt underſtand I came over lately from Lime-

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rick; and there, upon my ſoul, all the world are gone mad about running beyond ſea, in ſearch after—I think it is *emigrations* they call them.

Mrs. Fl. I have heard, indeed, that there has been a prodigious deſertion.

O' Flan. Prodigious! upon my ſoul, madam, in a hundred miles riding, I did not meet with a human cratur, except ſheep and oxen, to tell me the road; and I ſhould have loſt myſelf again and again, but for the mile-ſtones, that are ſo kind to anſwer your queſtions without giving you the trouble to aſk them: And ſo, being deſirous to follow my neighbours' example, I have, madam, made bold to come over before them.

Flaw. Right; one would not like to be laſt in the chaſe.

O' Flan. True. Now, madam, as ſome emigrations muſt be better than other ſome, I ſhould be glad to be recommended to one of the beſt.

Flaw. Why, that will be no very difficult matter. Let me ſee! is the collector of the window-lights in Falkland's Iſland diſpoſed of?

Mrs. Fl. I have not heard that it has been given away; but, however, if it ſhould, the ſurveyorſhip of the woods there is vacant, I am ſure.

Flaw.

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Flaw. Indeed?

O' Flan. And pray, madam, is that a lucrative place, as to the profit?

Mrs. Fl. Beſides the ſalary, for perquiſites you are to have all the loppings and toppings.

Flaw. Ay? upon my word, if that can be got, you will be a happy man, Mr. O' Flannagan.

O' Flan. Without doubt, I ſhall be in very good luck. But pray, madam, what was the name of the Falklands?

Mrs. Fl. Falkland's Iſland.

O' Flan. Iſland! true, true. But, Mr. Flaw, is it a place one can go to by land? becaaſe why, I am not over-fond of the ſea; coming over t'other day from Donechedy, it tumbled and jumbled, and rumbled me to ſuch a degree!

Mrs. Fl. Mr. Flaw—

Flaw. I am afraid it will be difficult.

O' Flan. Why then, if it is equally the ſame, I ſhould be glad to have an emigration in ſome other parts.

Mrs. Fl. There was a thing that I got yeſterday for a relation of mine, that would have ſuited this gentleman.

O' Flan. Pray, what might that be?

Mrs. Fl. A tidewaiter's place in the inland part of America.

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O' Flan. Inland! that would juſt do to a T.

Flaw. Why, you may eaſily provide in ſome other way for your couſin.

Mrs. Fl. That's true; but then, you know, he has put himſelf to ſome expence, in fitting himſelf out for the——

Flaw. Oh! I dare ſay Mr. O'Flannagan will be glad to reimburſe him.

O' Flan. That I will; and give him a good ſpill for his reſignation, into the bargain.

Mrs. Fl. Well, Sir, if you will call here to-morrow, we will try to bring matters to bear; and—— [*O' Flan. going.*]

Flaw. This will be a damn'd fine thing, if you can get it.——Hark'ee! a word in your ear! if you diſcharge well your duty, you will be found in tar and feathers for nothing.

O' Flan. Tar and feathers? and what the devil will I do wid them, my dear?

Flaw. When properly mixed, they make a genteel kind of dreſs, which is ſometimes wore in that climate.

O' Flan. Oh! what, I ſuppoſe, a kind of linen, like that at Belfaſt, that the natives malefactor themſelves.

Flaw. True. And they will ſhew you the beſt manner to wear it; it is very light, keeps out the rain, and ſticks extremely cloſe to the ſkin.

O' Flan.

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O' Flan. Indeed! That is very convanient. Why, as this place ſeems to ſuit me ſo well, before I get the nomination, by way of binding the bargain, had not I better give ſome earneſt beforehand?

Flaw. That will be making things ſure.

O' Flan. Here is a fifty-pound note of Latouche's, payable at ſight in a fortnight.

Mrs. Fl. Vaſtly well! I ſhall take proper care on't.

O' Flan. I don't doubt it at all. Feathers that keep out the rain? they muſt be ducks', to be ſure, becaaſe they are uſed to the water: I can't help thinking, Mr. Flaw, when I have got on the dreſs, how like a gooſe I ſhall look. [*Exit.*

Flaw. Here is the note.

Mrs. Fl. This was lucky beyond expectation! If this goes on, in a little time we ſhall grow as rich as a keeper of one of the capital clubs. [*A rap at the door.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. A gentleman below wiſhes to ſee Mr. Flaw.

Flaw. What ſort of a perſon?

Serv. Vaſt finely dreſs'd, pleaſe your——

Flaw. Oh! I know. Shew him up!—The Iſraelite I was telling you of.

Mrs.

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Mrs. Fl. What, Mr. Moſes Manaſſes?

Flaw. The ſame.

Enter Moſes Manaſſes.

Walk in, Mr. Manaſſes! this, Sir, is the lady.

Moſes. I vas never ſee a more finer vomans ſince I vas born. Madam, I vas take de liberty to beg-a your protection upon a littel affairs.

Mrs. Fl. Sir, any friend of Mr. Flaw's ——

Moſes. I vas live in de ſheety; but I have great ambition to reſide at de court-end of de town.

Mrs. Fl. City? I could not have imagined that a gentleman of your dreſs and addreſs would ſubmit to live in the city.

Moſes. Madam, you vas exceeding polite, indeed: I always finds de ladies very partial to me; I vas have de honour to be choſe laſt week maiſter of de ceremony to de Mile-End aſſembly; and Mrs. Alderman herſelf make always choice of me for de cotilions.

Mrs. Fl. I make not the leaſt doubt of your great ſucceſs with the ladies.

Moſes. Oh, madam!

Flaw. Mr. Manaſſes, madam, is modeſt: The city? his ſucceſs has not been confined to the city;

city; many a heart-ach has he given, to men of conſequence too, let me tell you, on this ſide the Bar.

Moſes. Oh, fy, fy, maiſter Flaw!

Flaw. What! don't I know? did not you occaſion the ſeparation between Mrs. Modiſh of Marybone and her huſband?

Moſes. Oh, fy, fy! a flam, indeed, Mr. Flaw.

Flaw. Pooh! beſides, was not you ſeen during all the laſt ſummer, lounging on horſeback, through all the lone lanes about Chelſea and Fulham, with young lady Harrow-heart?

Moſes. All ſcandal, upon my honour.

Flaw. Zounds! why, have not I heard the young fellows at Betty's, when you have been paſſing by with lady Kitty Carmine, in her new vis-a-vis, exclaim, "Look, look! there "is Moſes again! dammee, I can't conceive "what the ladies can ſee in that pencil-ſelling, "mongrel Manaſſes! Gad, I fancy he catches "women, as people do quails, with his pipe."

Moſes. Dat is all ſpite, all malice, on my honour!

Mrs. Fl. Pipe? what, does he ſing?

Flaw. He? the voice of Squallache, with the taſte and manner of Millico.

Moſes

Moſes ſings].

" Ven ſaw you my fader?
" Ven ſaw you my moder?

Mrs. Fl. I ſee, I ſee: Nay, then, I don't wonder.

Flaw. Beſides all this, maſter Moſes is an abſolute Proteus; in every elegance, at the top of the tree.

Mrs. Fl. Indeed?

Flaw. From his preſent dreſs, you would think that all his days were ſpent in a drawing-room.

Mrs. Fl. Without doubt.

Flaw. But were you to ſee him on the turf, at Newmarket, in his Tyburn-topp'd wig, tight boots, and round hat, you would ſwear he had never handled any thing but a curry-comb ſince he was born. Why, he has rid matches.

Mrs. Fl. Really?

Flaw. Many.

Moſes. No, madam; but vone, on my vord; a match with Lord Billy Booty: I vas firſt, hard in hand on a canter; my Lord came ſide by ſide, give a little bit of chuck vid de elbow, and pop me plump into de ditch of de Devil; and de people all hollow!

Mrs.

Mrs. Fl. Brutes! very unlucky indeed. But pray, Mr. Manaſſes, how can I ſerve you? I ſhould be happy to——

Moſes. Why, madam, in vone vord—I ſhould be glad to be as well wid de gentlemen as Mr. Flaw ſay I be wid de ladies; and if, by your aſſiſtance, I could get into de Boodles, de Almacks, or vone of de clubs——

Mrs. Fl. Bleſs me! is it poſſible that you are not a member?

Moſes. I vas often put up; but dey always give me de black ball.

Mrs. Fl. Bleſs me! what can be the meaning of that?

Moſes. I don't know; perhaps my religion was de objection.

Mrs. Fl. I ſhould hardly think them ſo ſqueamiſh as that: The dice are indeed often call'd Doctors; but, by the large evacuation they cauſe, I ſhould rather think them graduates of phyſic, than of divinity: No, no; that can't be the caſe. Let me ſee!—perhaps you have had dealings with ſome of the club.

Moſes. Yes; I have de little annuity.

Mrs. Fl. Oh ho!—ſo you have been admitted into the Jeruſalem-Chamber?

Moſes. Yes, yes, very often.

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Mrs. Fl. Oh! then the buſineſs is out; there then is the reaſon at once.

Moſes. How?

Mrs. Fl. Some of the parties, I ſuppoſe, ſlow in their payments?

Flaw. And there is nothing thoſe gentlemen dread ſo much as meeting a dun there.

Mrs. Fl. But I dare ſay Mr. Manaſſes, at ſuch a place, would be above dropping a hint.

Moſes. Oh, fy! madam, upon no account.

Mrs. Fl. Very well! why then, I may venture to aſſure them as much?

Moſes. Sure, vidout doubt.

Flaw. But, however, madam, tho' ſome of the old dons ſhould be cruſty——

Mrs. Fl. To be ſure, means might be uſed to get over that bar.

Flaw. Eaſy enough, I ſhould think.

Mrs. Fl. Let us ſee! ſtuffing the negative ſide of the box, that the black balls cannot deſcend.

Flaw. Or advancing or retarding the clock.

Mrs. Fl. True; but then the waiters ſhould be properly ſpoke to.

Flaw. Oh, I dare ſay Mr. Manaſſes does not mind, upon ſuch an occaſion.

Moſes. Oh, not at all; I am ready to part vid de money.

Flaw.

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Flaw. I dare ſay. Why, do you conſider that a ſeat there, as Mr. Manaſſes can manage——

Mrs. Fl. May turn out better for him, perhaps, than a borough.

Moſes. Den I may rely upon you, madam?

Mrs. Fl. Give yourſelf no further trouble about it.

Moſes. I have de honor, ma'am—— [*going.*

Mrs. Fl. But ſhould not Manaſſes make a depoſit? [*Apart to Flaw.*

Flaw. To be ſure.—Mr. Manaſſes! well, Sir, I wiſh you joy, Sir: What, we are to have a lottery, I find?

Moſes. Dat is all fixed; dere is no danger of dat. I think, madam, dere is no finer ſight can be, dan to ſee de lottery-lanthorns hang up in de ſtreets, vid large red letters, write on all ſides; it is ſo noble!

Mrs. Fl. An elegant ornament, it muſt be confeſs'd, to a capital city: Beſides, if the paſſion for play cannot be ſuppreſs'd, all that human wiſdom can do, is to turn private vices to the uſe of the public.

Moſes. True, true.

Flaw. I ſuppoſe you are an adventurer.

Moſes. Ay, ay; I have my ſhare, to be ſure.

Flaw. Mrs. Fleece'em was ſaying, that ſhe had ſome thoughts of trying her fortune.

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Moſes. By all means; I wiſh her much luck!

Flaw. If you ſhould have any tickets about you——

Moſes. Perhaps de lady may have de fancy to de particular number.

Flaw. No, no; we are not ſuperſtitious as to the number; it is the numbers we wiſh to get at.

Moſes. Dere is, madam, a couple de ſheets: Would you give de draft on de banker? dey are at preſent muſh above par. Let me ſee!

Flaw. Oh, as to the price, we don't trouble our heads about that; we will ſettle that ſome other time; make a deduction, you know, for what madam beſtows upon the waiters.

Moſes. True, true! Well, madam, your moſt humble! you may tell de club dat I ſhall make de very good member; for now and den I love to play a little myſelf.

Mrs. Fl. You do?

Moſes. Yes; to ſet de caſter at hazard; and hold de Pharoh-bank wid de cards.

Flaw. Be cautious, or you may meet with your match.

Moſes. Never fear! ven I vas play, I always do keep myſelf up for de purpoſe, like de fighting cock, or de horſe.

Mrs. Fl.

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Mrs. Fl. Very right; for intemperance upon ſuch an occaſion——

Moſes. It would be de devil, as I eats ſo little, and drinks nothing at all.

Flaw. No?

Moſes. No, never at cards; de claret would turn all topſy-turvey: no, no, I muſt take care not to drown Pharoh again in de Red Sea.

[*Exit Manaſſes.*

Flaw. and Fl. Ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. Fl. Oh! have you advertiſed an honourable feat to be ſold?

Flaw. I never neglect buſineſs, you know; but the perpetuating this damn'd bribery-act has thrown ſuch a rub in our way——

Mrs. Fl. New acts, like new brooms, make a little buſtle at firſt; but the dirt will return, never fear. What, have no offers been made?

Flaw. A ſhort note from a broker, who hopp'd out of the Alley, into a good eſtate in the North. By the firſt ſhips I expect ſome good ſubjects from the ſiege of Tanjore.

Mrs. Fl. A ſure importation of candidates; they come in good time, for in ſuch a country as this, what ſignifies caſh without conſequence?

Flaw. True; which in order to get, what they acquire by conqueſt they expend in corruption.

Mrs.

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Mrs. Fl. Whilſt perhaps a borough, pretty warmly conteſted, compels the unhappy hero to make a ſecond trip to the Eaſt.—[*Knocking.*] Who can that be?

Flaw. Had not I better withdraw?

Mrs. Fl. Firſt, ſee who it is.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mrs. Simony, madam, below in a chair.

Flaw. Shew her up, by all means.

Mrs. Fl. Simony?

Flaw. The Doctor's lady, about the living, you know.

Mrs. Fl. I remember; but I thought the Doctor himſelf a——

Flaw. A late miſtake has made him a little cautious at preſent.

Mrs. Fl. A burnt child dreads the—But, pray, what kind of a woman is——

Flaw. An abſolute goſſip: Your ſhare in the ſcene will be ſhort: Let her run on; ſhe neither expects, nor deſires a reply. Here ſhe is.

Enter Mrs. Simony.

Mrs. Sim. Madam, I am your obedient, and very devoted! Mr. Flaw, I am entirely yours! ten thouſand

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thouſand pardons for waiting upon you in this diſhabille! but I ſtay'd ſo late laſt night at lady Lurch'em's aſſembly, that I have had but juſt time to huddle on my things; and now I have not five minutes to ſpare, as I promis'd preciſely at twelve to call on lady Frolic, to take a turn in Kenſington-Gardens, to ſee both the exhibitions, the ſtain'd glaſs, dwarf, giant, and Cox's Muſeum. Mr. Flaw, I preſume, has mentioned our little affair. The Doctor would have waited on you himſelf; but men *hum*, and *ha*, and are ſo roundabout, aukward, and ſhy! now I am always for coming plump to the point: Beſides, women beſt underſtand one another, you know. But, as I was ſaying, the patron of the buſineſs in queſtion is, as we underſtand, a near friend and relation of yours.

Mrs. Fl. Madam, I ſhall be happy to——

Mrs. Sim. Your patience, madam! for I have not a moment to ſpare. Now, as it cannot be ſuppoſed that ſome people ſhould do favours for other people, with which people thoſe people are not acquainted, I am ready to advance—for the Doctor knows nothing about it.

Mrs. Fl. How, madam? I underſtood——

Mrs. Sim. The Doctor? not he, I aſſure you, madam; entirely ignorant, in every reſpect: Now, if ſuch a favour can be obtain'd, I am ready

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ready to depoſit, as Mr. Flaw has doubtleſs informed you——

Mrs. Fl. Why, I can't ſay, madam, but it is very handſome.

Mrs. Sim. Nay, madam, the party will loſe no credit by doing what is deſired: The Doctor's powers are pretty well known about town; not a more populous preacher within the ſound of Bow-bell; I don't mean for the mobility only; *thoſe* every canting fellow can catch; the beſt people of faſhion ar'n't aſhamed to follow my Doctor: Not one, madam, of the humdrum, drawling, long-winded tribe; he never crams congregations, gives them more than they can carry away; not above ten or twelve minutes at moſt.

Mrs. Fl. Indeed?

Mrs. Sim. Even the dowager-ducheſs of Drowſy was never known to nod at my Doctor; and then he doeſn't pore, with his eyes cloſe to the book, like a clerk that reads the firſt leſſon; not he! but all extemporary, madam; with a cambrick handkerchief in one hand, and a diamond ring on the other: And then he waves this way, and that way; and he curtſies, and he bows, and he bounces, that all the people are ready to—— But then his wig, madam! I am ſure you muſt admire his dear wig; not with

with the bushy, brown buckles, dangling and dropping, like a Newfoundland spaniel; but short, rounded off at the ear, to shew his plump cherry cheeks; white as a curd, feather-topped, and the curls as close as a cauliflower.

Mrs. Fl. Why really, madam——

Mrs. Sim. Then, my Doctor is none of your schismatics, madam; believes in the whole thirty-nine; and so he would, if there were nine times as many.

Mrs. Fl. Very obedient.

Mrs. Sim. Obedient! As humble and meek as a curate; does duly his duties; never scruples to bury, though it be but a tradesman—unless, indeed, he happens to be better engaged.

Mrs. Fl. Why, with all these good qualities, I should think our success must be certain.

Mrs. Sim. With your assistance, madam, I have not the least doubt in the world: So, madam, begging your pardon for having intruded so long, I leave Mr. Flaw and you to confer on the subject.—Not a step, I beseech you.—Lord bless me! I had like to have forgot; My memory, as the Doctor says, is so very tenacious, that it is not one time in twenty I can remember the text. Besides all I have said, my Doctor, madam, possesses a pretty little poetical

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vein: I have brought you here a little hymn in my pocket.

Mrs. Fl. Madam, you are very——

Mrs. Sim. Of which the Doctor desires your opinion.

Mrs. Fl. Hymn? then the Doctor sings, I presume.

Mrs. Sim. Not a better pipe at the playhouse; he has been long notorious for that: Then he is as chearful, and has such a choice collection of songs! why, he is constantly asked at the great city-feasts; and does, I verily believe, more in-door christnings than any three of the cloth. But this composition, madam, is of a different kind: It is but short; but if the party, your worthy friend and relation, should happen to like the manner of writing, he has a much longer one for his immediate perusal.—Madam, I am your obsequious, and very devoted—— Not a step, my good Mr. Flaw! my chairmen are, you know, in waiting. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Fl. A hymn? what the deuce can the woman mean by a hymn? Let me see!—"Pro-"mise to pay to the bearer one hundred pounds, "for the governor and company"—Ay, marry, this is coming *plump to the business:* No man can deny, Mr. Flaw, but these lines are sterling.

If

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If the Doctor's profe is as good as his poetry, I don't wonder he has ſo many admirers... But when ſhall I ſee you?

Flaw. Immediately after I have paid my provincials a viſit.

Mrs. Fl. Oh, then I may have time to execute a little ſcheme of my own.

Flaw. Of what kind?

Mrs. Fl. One that will turn out both pleaſant and profitable: You know the prim mercer, not far from St. Paul's?

Flaw. What, young Prig, that preſents you an eternal attitude to all hacks of the city, and ſtands in ſtiff buckle before his own ſhop, like a ſign?

Mrs. Fl. Even he.

Flaw. The fellow is a fop, to be ſure; but you will not find it an eaſy matter to gull him; the coxcomb is ſuſpicious and guarded.

Mrs. Fl. Againſt a common contrivance, perhaps; otherwiſe he would be no object for one of my original genius. Beſides, there is a neceſſity for ſome new ſilks to grace my niece's nuptials, you know.

Flaw. True, true: Well, ſucceſs attend you! [*Exit.*

Mrs. Fl. Be in no pain about me. Who's there?

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Enter a Servant.

Order the carriage to the door; and do you and the coachman put on your beſt liveries.

Serv. Yes, madam.

Mrs. Fl. And, do you hear, John? if they ſhould be inquiſitive, where I ſtop, as to my place of abode, give 'em no information: I ſhould be ſorry to have it known, that one of my rank and fortune was pent up in a paltry lodging.

Serv. Your ladyſhip need be under no fears.

Mrs. Fl. If, at coming from the mercer's, where I ſhall go firſt, the maſter of the ſhop ſhould get into the coach, drive to doctor Hellebore's, who you know is famous for curing of mad folks; the third door to the left in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Serv. I ſhall give the coachman directions.

Mrs. Fl. And, John! if any body ſhould call in my abſence, let them know that I am gone, with the counteſs of Carnaby, to ſee the preparations for the great trial in Weſtminſter-Hall.

Serv. Mighty well, madam. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Fl. That fellow has uncommon talents, for one of his ſtation: What a matchleſs porter would he make to a great miniſter! for he lies like an attorney, and his muſcles are as ſteady as thoſe of his maſter. [*Exit.*

ACT

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ACT II. SCENE I.

A Bagnio. Enter Flaw followed by Tom.

Flaw.

HAVE not you a family here, that came lately out of the country?

Tom. I ſuppoſe you mean, Sir, Mr. Aircaſtle.

Flaw. I do; is the gentleman within?

Tom. In the back dining-room, up one pair of ſtairs.

Flaw. Will you let him know there is a perſon wiſhes to ſee him? If he wants to know my name——

Tom. I can tell him.

Flaw. Ay? why, have we been ever acquainted?

Tom. What! have you forgot Tom, maſter Flaw, at the Crown and Rolls in Chancery-Lane?

Flaw. I recollect. But I thought, by this time, you had ſet up for yourſelf: You ſeemed in a very good way.

Tom. Pretty well, maſter, for that part of the town: But, Lord, Sir, the penurious pence of the lawyers won't do for us, who are the ſuperior knights of the napkin; after poring an hour over a ſix

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a ſix and eight-penny bill, "Here, Tom, give us "change! and mind, there is a groat for yourſelf:" How was it poſſible to ſupport a girl and a gelding upon ſuch a two-penny tax? it could not be.

Flaw. That is true, indeed.

Tom. No, no. So, dipping pretty deeply in debt, I got a friendly commiſſion of bankruptcy to diſcharge my old ſcores, and removed to this end of the town.

Flaw. Where you thrive, without doubt.

Tom. To give you a ſample—It was but laſt night, Sir Ralph Riot moved, that every man in the club ſhould give the waiter two guineas a-piece, juſt by way of *ſurpriſing* the raſcal.

Flaw. And it was carried?

Tom. Oh, *nem. con.*—the members never flinch at a frolic.

Flaw. I wiſh you joy of your ſtation!—But pray, by what accident came the family above to your houſe? There muſt have been ſome miſtake in the matter; for they are people of very good reputation.

Tom. I can't gueſs. Only that the town is thin, and buſineſs begins to grow dead, we ſhould hardly have given them admittance; they are a ſtrange unaccountable tribe: Pray who the deuce are they?

Flaw. A reſpectable family, from the county of Wilts, with a very good landed eſtate, I aſſure you.

Tom.

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Tom. On which, I ſuppoſe, the 'ſquire condeſcends to kill his own meat; and madam, his lady, to dreſs it: Then it is one eternal wrangle between them, conducted in a language pretty near as coarſe as their carter's.

Flaw. They have been bred in a ſtate of Nature, Tom.

Tom. The huſband, for once or twice, is entertaining enough: He ſets out to inform you in a moſt material point, as he thinks, which he forſakes in an inſtant to follow ſome other circumſtance, not material at all; this he ſoon quits for another, and ſoon for another, if you will give him attention. He puts me in mind of a pack of hounds in a hare-warren; by eternally ſhifting the game, the purſuit never ends.

Flaw. You have him, Tom; Mr. Aircaſtle is, I own, very prolix and digreſſive.

Tom. Unleſs I am miſtaken, the ſon has an old acquaintance here in the houſe.

Flaw. Ay?

Tom. Miſs Betſy Bloſſom, one of our ladies, who comes, I fancy, from their part of the world: She wiſhes to avoid the father and mother, but hints that ſhe has good reaſon to remember the ſon.

Flaw. Perhaps ſo.

Tom. Madam the mother too, who is ſtill a jolly briſk dame, ſeems determined to make the moſt of her time.

Flaw.

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Flaw. How ſo?

Tom. She has diſpatched, this morning, a billet to Col. Gorget, an old maſter of mine.

Flaw. If they are at preſent alone, you will be ſo kind to announce me.

Tom. Thoſe ſtairs lead to their door; there is no occaſion for a maſter of the ceremonies.

[*Exit Flaw.*

Miſs! Miſs Betſy!

Enter Betſy.

Well; have you encountered your Corydon?

Betſy. No; I have carefully kept myſelf out of his way.

Tom. Then now throw yourſelf into it, as ſoon as you can; for, unleſs you prevent it, I can foreſee a deſign to diſpoſe of him in a very different manner.

Betſy. In the interim, I could wiſh to have him all to myſelf; no danger of an interruption from the father and mother.

Tom. Watch then when they are out of the way. But remember you run no riſque in overacting your part; treat him with a large diſh of daggers, death, and deſpair.

Betſy. Never fear; I know how to proportion my doſe.

Tom. Are you prepared with the two verſes I gave you?

Betſy.

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Betſy. Yes, yes; and I warrant will thunder them with good effect in his ears.

Tom. Succeſs attend you, my girl! [*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to another room.

Mr. and Mrs. Aircaſtle diſcovered.

Air. Well, well, mark the end on't! this will turn out like all the reſt of your projects.

Mrs. Air. Bleſs me, Mr. Aircaſtle, will you never give over your grumblings? I thought I had convinced you, before you left home, that London was the only ſpot for people to thrive in.

Air. Convinced me? Did not I tell you what parſon Prunello ſaid—I remember Mrs. Lightfoot was by—ſhe had been brought to-bed, that day was a month, of a very fine boy—a bad birth; for Doctor Seeton, who ſerved his time with Luke Lancet of Guiſe's—there was a talk about him and Nancy the daughter—ſhe afterwards married Will Whitlow, another apprentice, who had great expectations from an old uncle in the Grenades; but he left all to a diſtant relation, Kit Cable, a midſhipman aboard the Torbay—ſhe was loſt, coming home, in the Channel—the captain was taken up by a coaſter from Rye, loaded with cheeſe——

Mrs. Air. Mercy upon me, Mr. Aircaſtle, at

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what a rate you run on! What has all this to do with our coming to London?

Air. Why, I was going to tell you; but you will never have patience!

Mrs. Air. More than ever woman poſſeſſed. Would you, I ſay, be contented to ſpring, grow, and decay, in the ſame country ſpot, like a cabbage?

Air. Yes; provided I left behind me ſome promiſing ſprouts.

Mrs. Air. What! have you no ambition? no ſoul? could you be eaſy to ſtand ſtock-ſtill, whilſt your neighbours are advancing all round you? Cottagers are become farmers; farmers are made juſtices; and folks that travelled barefoot to London, roll down again in their coaches and chariots; but ſtill we ſtick!

Air. What then? For, as counſellor Crab ſaid at the aſſizes—he came down to plead for Ned Nick'em, who won at Bath a large ſum of Lord Luckleſs—the principal witneſs was Chriſtopher Cogg'em—who was condemned to the pillory; but ſaved by Phil Fang the attorney—who——

Mrs. Air. What matters what any body ſaid? but you are always flying from the——

Air. Why, what a pox would the woman be at?—Ha'n't I lopp'd off a handſome limb of my

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my land to put your hopeful project in practice?

Mrs. Air. Well; and must not every body who ventures in the lottery of life first pay for his ticket?

Air. I believe Toby will hardly thank me for going into the wheel.

Mrs. Air. No; I suppose he would rather stay at home, and marry Bet Blossom: A pretty alliance he had like to have given us!

Air. But you know I drove the girl out of the parish.

Mrs. Air. Are there none of the same stamp left behind?

Air. Well, well, here we are, and what's to be done?

Mrs. Air. Our first business is to get Toby disposed of; upon your head, we will consult Mr. Flaw; as to my affairs, leave me to myself.

Air. And as for Toby, the best method, you think, will be——

Mrs. Air. To advertise the boy, to be sure.

Air. Do you think so? Advertise Toby? I was once told by Tom Type, a printer of one of the papers—he was tried for a libel before Sir Philip Flogg'em, at the Old-Bailey—two of the jury died that session of the distemper—doctor Drybones recommended vinegar by way

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of prevention—the Doctor wore the ſtrangeſt black wigs!—they were made by Ben Block'em, of Bow-Street—I dined with him once, when he was churchwarden, upon two baſtard children—we had a haunch of veniſon—the veniſon was over-roaſted, and ſtunk—but doctor Dewlap twiſted down ſuch gobs of fat——

Mrs. Air. But what is all this to the purpoſe?

Air. I was going to tell you, if you would but liſten a bit!

Mrs. Air. What did Type ſay?

Air. That he never knew any good come of that kind of——

Mrs. Air. Then Type was a fool! don't we ſee by the news, that there is no other way of making matches in London?

Air. Well, well—you know beſt, to be ſure.

Mrs. Air. Here the advertiſement is; I have penned it myſelf.

Air. You penned it? Damn me, if ſhe can ſpell a ſingle ſyllable of the language!

Mrs. Air. Call the boy in; and obſerve, Mr. Aircaſtle, if he correſponds with the marks.

Air. Toby! [*Calling.*

Enter Toby.

Lord, Mrs. Aircaſtle, how you have altered the boy! why, his face is as long as a fiddle-ſtick!

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ſtick! and then he has a bundle at his back, as big as a child!

Mrs. Air. Pray, Mr. Aircaſtle, mind your own buſineſs, I beg! would you have him dreſſed like yourſelf, in a ſuit of cloaths made thirty years ago, when you were ſheriff for the county?— Toby, ſtand forth! "Wanted, for a young "gentleman of an ancient family, and agree-"able perſon"— Toby, hold up your head!

Toby. I does, mother, I does.

Air. It is impoſſible, my dear, the boy ſhould ever walk in that manner; why, he will run againſt every body he meets. Toby, do you think you can ſtep without ſtumbling?

Toby. Not in the ſtreets; but croſs a room pretty well, I believe.

Mrs. Air. Mr. Aircaſtle, have you no idea of grace? Shoulders back, Toby; and cheſt a little more out!

Air. Now, child, look at his elbows! you have pinioned him down like a pickpocket.

Mrs. Air. Grace, Mr. Aircaſtle, grace.

Air. Grace? he has neither grace, nor greaſe; his breaſt-bone ſticks out like a turkey's.

Mrs. Air. Nothing but grace! I wiſh you would read ſome late Poſthumous Letters; you would then know the true value of grace: Do you know that the only way for a young man

to

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to thrive in the world, is to get a large diſh of hypocriſy, well garniſhed with grace, an agreeable perſon, and a clear patrimonial eſtate?—"A wife with a very large portion: If the fortune anſwers, proper allowance will be made for perſon and mind. The party, and his rent-roll, may be ſeen at the Lamb in Long-Acre, every hour of the day."

Air. Why, this will bring the whole town to the houſe.

Mrs. Air. That is juſt what I intend; the more bidders, the better.

Enter Tom and Flaw.

Tom. Mr. Flaw. [*Exit.*

Flaw. Good folks, you are welcome to London!

Air. Ay, here we are, Mr. Flaw; here's Toby too.

Toby. Yes, here I am, Mr. Flaw.

Flaw. Bleſs me! what a change! I ſhould ſcarce have known him.

Toby. Yes, I ſuppoſe I am pretty much altered, being garniſhed with grace.

Air. Ay; a grace, I believe, that will tempt nobody to taſte of the diſh.

Mrs. Air. Never mind him, Mr. Flaw; he is a deſponding creature, you know. But, as a proof that we have not been idle, here is the firſt fruits of my labour.

Flaw.

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Flaw. What is it?

Mrs. Air. An advertiſement to procure a partner for Toby.

Flaw. A partner?

Mrs. Air. Ay, a wife, with a ſuitable fortune.

Flaw. I hope it is not ſent to the papers.

Toby. What, the notice where I am to be ſeen? here it is in my hand.

Mrs. Air. Give it me; and go you out, and wait 'till you are wanted: And don't liſten! d'ye hear? And, Toby, be mindful of grace! and, d'ye hear? don't laugh! you may grin, indeed, to ſhew your teeth, and your manners.

Toby. Will that do?

Mrs. Air. Pretty well, for the firſt time.

[*Exit Toby.*

Flaw. Bleſs me, madam! how could ſuch a thought——

Mrs. Air. Don't we every day ſee ſuch things in the news?

Flaw. Ay, from an old maid in deſpair, a broken milliner, or a tottering tobacconiſt.

Air. I told her ſo, Mr. Flaw: Zounds, ſays I, you treat the boy as if he was a white bear, or an oſtrich—though it is quite a miſtake, Mr. Flaw, that thoſe creatures eat iron: I ſaw one once at the Checquer at Saliſbury—the keeper's name was Evan Thomas, a Welſhman—he had but

but one hand—he loſt the other, endeavouring to ſteal a piece of cheeſe out of a rat-trap—the trap went down, and——

Mrs. Air. Did ever mortal ſee ſuch a man?

Air. And, zounds, why muſt not I ſpeak? ſhe likes to liſten to no ſounds but her own; but I will be heard, and——

Mrs. Air. And ſo you ſhall, when you talk to the purpoſe.

Air. Purpoſe, madam? Damn it, I would have you to know——

Flaw. Oh, fy, fy, good people! curb your cholers a little: Conſider you are not now in the country.

Air. Well, well, I am calm.

Flaw. Then, to return to our buſineſs: Beſides, my good madam, I had provided a match that would have completed all our matters at once.

Mrs. Air. How?

Flaw. A lady, an acquaintance of mine, lately arrived with her niece from the Indies——

Mrs. Air. And rich?

Flaw. Enough to purchaſe the ſceptre of Poland.

Air. How!

Flaw. Ay, even before his very good neighbours had brought that monarchy down to a manor.

Air.

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Air. And pray, as to the party?

Flaw. Fleece'em is the name of the aunt; not much indebted to fortune; but whoever is happy enough to marry the niece, won't ſcruple, I dare ſay, to procure her a proper proviſion.

Mrs. Air. The moſt reaſonable thing in the world.

Flaw. I ventured to promiſe as much.

Mrs. Air. Then you have hinted the buſineſs?

Flaw. As good as concluded. As marriage-bonds are illegal, it will be right to make a depoſit before the ſolemnization.

Mrs. Air. To be ſure. Now, Mr. Aircaſtle, I hope I was right; for ſeeing a little caſh might promote our deſigns, I got him to ſell Sycamore-farm, and we have brought the money to town.

Flaw. How much might the——

Mrs. Air. Five thouſand.

Flaw. But, with a few diamonds, for which I will get you credit——

Mrs. Air. By all means.—When ſhould we wait on the young lady?

Flaw. This very morning; we cannot be too quick; ſome of the young blades about town begin to have an inkling, I fear; I obſerve them throw their eyes up to the windows.

Mrs. Air. Without doubt. Mr. Aircaſtle,

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you will go out to the ſhops, and provide Toby with a new Beckford-hat and a couteau du chaſſe?

Flaw. And purchaſe at the ſame time ſome preſents for the young lady.

Mrs. Air. The firſt time?

Flaw. Always the rule in the Eaſt; you never approach a ſuperior without a ſuitable preſent.

Mrs. Air. No?

Air. No? why, fool, that is the way the Nabobs have got all their wealth—I knew one of them once; and, if he had not been ſo rich, really a good ſort of a—he was inoculated for the ſmall-pox, by one of the Suttons, at the great houſe by Hyde-Park—the builder of it got into the Bench, and was afterwards cleared by an act of inſolvency—though Tom Jenkins, one of his creditors——

Mrs. Air. You ſee!—Lord bleſs me now, Mr. Aircaſtle, how can you, when we have not a moment to loſe—Go, go out with the boy, I beſeech you!

Air. Well, well, well! [*Going.*

Flaw. I'll run before, and prepare Mrs. Fleece'em.

Mrs. Air. By all manner of means.

Air. Pray, is not the toy-ſhop at the end of the ſtreet, kept by the ſon of—I remember I met the father once at Newmarket—he was in a one-

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a one-horſe chaiſe, made by Varniſh here in Long-Acre—who built a ſtate-coach for the Empreſs of Ruſſia—he was recommended by Lord—I can't think of his name—who was choſen one of the ſixteen for the kingdom of—

Mrs. Air. Take him with you, dear Mr. Flaw!

Flaw. Come, Sir, I will ſhew you the ſhop.

[*Exeunt Aircaſtle and Flaw.*

Mrs. Air. So! having provided for Toby, I am at leiſure to attend to my own private concerns. Who's there?

Enter Maid-Servant.

Bid the Waiter come up! [*Exit Maid.*

If colonel Gorget anſwers my letter in the way I expect, it will prove a pretty good beginning: The colonel, I make no doubt, knows the ways of the world, and will ſoon take the hint: He was vaſtly ſtruck with me during the races; and I don't ſee why I have not as good a right to profit by my perſon, as I am told ſome ladies do, who live in this——

Enter Waiter.

Well, Sir, what return to my letter?

Waiter. The colonel, madam, will obey your commands.

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Mrs. Air. Very well! when he comes, ſhew him into the next room. [*Exeunt.*

Another Room in the Bagnio.

Enter Colonel Gorget, reading a letter.

Gorget. Bravo, bravo, my ſweet country acquaintance! this is a rendezvous, with a witneſs. Let me ſee! *Um, um, um!* "Unexpectedly "brought by buſineſs to town—no time to "make a proper proviſion—accommodate me "with Five Hundred Guineas"—accommodate! an apt phraſe, and a pretty ſum too; but how the deuce could the woman ſuppoſe that I was able to advance ſuch a ſum? *Um, um!*—"Not "prove ungrateful—Elizabeth"—Oh, ho! now I begin to conceive.—Stay! who have we here? Zooks! the huſband himſelf.

Enter Aircaſtle.

Air. What, colonel Gorget!

Gorget. Mr. Aircaſtle, I am happy to ſee you! But what important buſineſs can have brought you to London?

Air. Some family affairs, and to lay out a pretty large ſum, which I lately got for a parcel of land.—But is this viſit intended to me?

Gorget. No; I was quite a ſtranger to your being

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being in town. A lady in the houſe, that I lately knew in the country——

Air. What, from our part of the world?

Gorget. No, no; but a deviliſh fine woman: Laſt ſummer ſome little gallantries paſt between us below.

Air. Ay, ay; you officers play the very deuce when you come down into the country. I remember enſign Saſh, about ten years ago—his father came from Barbadoes—I met him at Treacle's, the great ſugar-baker's, who had a houſe in St. Mary-Axe—he took the leaſe from alderman Gingham, who ſerved ſheriff with deputy—there was tight work on the huſtings—

Gorget. Oh, the devil! he runs on at the old rate.—But we forget the lady.

Air. Oh, ay; "Gallantry with her below;" which I ſuppoſe you have finiſhed above.

Gorget. No, faith, not entirely, my friend; but I think we are in a fair way.

Air. Ay?

Gorget. The garriſon has offered to ſurrender.

Air. Then what prevented you from taking poſſeſſion?

Gorget. The governor, as uſual, inſiſts on a bribe, which it was not immediately in my power to pay——

Air. Damn thoſe governors!—why, there was the

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the governor of Bergen-op-zoom, in the laſt war——

Gorget. But hear me!—I was juſt ſtepping home to provide the credentials; but, however, this lucky meeting will, I flatter myſelf, put an end to my journey.

Air. As how?

Gorget. If you will ſupply me with the ſum till evening, I ſhall cloſe the bargain without quitting the houſe.

Air. How much?

Gorget. Five hundred guineas.

Air. Five hundred guineas? what a cormorant the woman muſt be!

Gorget. Not at all, when her huſband is rich, and ſhe is above accepting a trifle.

Air. Now, I ſhould have thought that would have made her more reaſonable.

Gorget. Quite the reverſe; why, did you ever know a wealthy courtier accept of a moderate penſion?

Air. That, indeed—But are you really ſerious?

Gorget. So ſerious, that if you will lend me the money——

Air. Nay, but, colonel, that is——

Gorget. Nay, but if you heſitate——

Air. No, it is not that; the money is quite at your

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your ſervice; but you will repent, and then reproach me—What! five hundred? there can be no woman worth it.

Gorget. You would alter your tone, if you ſaw her.

Air. Should I? Prithee tell me her name, perhaps I may know her.

Gorget. I durſt not; you know my honour is concerned.

Air. Honour with ſuch a woman as that?

Gorget. She is very well known.

Air. And ought to be better.

Gorget. But I waſte time, and may loſe the critical minute: Will you ſupply me, or muſt I——

Air. With the greateſt pleaſure in life: Here is in this bag the very ſum, which I have juſt received for a draft in the city.

Gorget. Ten thouſand thanks, my dear Mr.——

Air. I can't ſay tho', but I am ſorry——

Gorget. Oh, it is not impoſſible but I may come off at an eaſier rate: With ſuch a capital in hand, one may haggle, you know.

Air. True, true; I'd endeavour to get her for nothing: Chouſe her, chouſe her! do, colonel. If indeed ſhe had aſked for a ring with a poeſy, or any ſuch trifle as that—but ſuch a monſtrous demand! I would give ſomething to ſee her.

Gorget.

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Gorget. Why, it is my opinion you know who she is.

Air. Really?

Gorget. Now if it should turn out that you had been happy with the lady yourself, would not that greatly surprise you?

Air. Me? ha, ha, ha! the deuce a bit: Tho', when I came first to the Temple, there was a lawyer's wife that lived in Quality-Court, that I was exceedingly fond of—her husband came home one night, and I crept under the bed, where I should have remained concealed, but for a little dog of Charles's breed; he went *bow, wow, wow*—

Gorget. Oh, the devil!—But consider, time presses; I must away to the lady.

Air. True, true; and I to the shops with my boy. And I happy with the—ha, ha, ha—However, if that be the case, colonel, it is a stronger reason for closing your purse-strings; for the devil take me if I ever knew a woman who was deserving a tythe of that sum in my life!—Yes; I lie! I did; a Greek girl, they called Circassian—I saw her at Tunbridge—where, by the bye, they have the oddest pantile walk—with the musick on a shelf—and as the company walk to and fro, the fidlers go *tal, lal, la*——

Gorget. Nay, but—[*pushing him out*]. This is lucky beyond expectation; what a civilized husband, to supply me with the very money I wanted!

Enter

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Enter Tom.

Is the lady at leiſure?

Tom. She knows her huſband is gone out, and will be with you this inſtant.

Gorget. Very well! take care, and watch his return.

Tom. Here ſhe is. [*Exit.*

Enter Mrs. Aircaſtle.

Mrs. Air. What, you are come, my dear colonel! I have waited for you with the utmoſt impatience.

Gorget. And I, madam, have flown to obey your commands.

Mrs. Air. No more of that, colonel, I beg: I bluſh to conſider——

Gorget. Bluſh? and why ſo, madam?

Mrs. Air. At what you muſt think of my letter: But the high ſenſe I entertain of your friendſhip, induced me, in ſuch an exigence, to make the trial.

Gorget. And the wiſeſt ſtep you could take.

Mrs. Air. Pardon me, Sir! I am not to learn how dangerous it is to have an obligation to you.

Gorget. And why ſo? Can there be any thing more natural than to deſire the aſſiſtance of the

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perſon who loves us? Of my attachment I hope you have no reaſon to doubt.

Mrs. Air. That, Sir, is the very ſource of my ſorrow, and has determined me to ſupport every evil; nay, to apply even to Mr. Aircaſtle himſelf, rather than——

Gorget. How, madam! then it is plain I have loſt your eſteem. Fool that I was, to be lulled by the bewitching lines of your letter! I thought that I had detected Love, that ſly lurcher, lurking under the maſk of confidential—But now I unfortunately find how far I am from your favour.

Mrs. Air. Cruel, unjuſt colonel Gorget!

Gorget. Ha! am I unjuſt? you revive me! you reſtore me to—But baniſh every thought of an obligation to any but me; I ſhould be jealous of——

Mrs. Air. But really, colonel, the ſum is—

Gorget. Of no importance at all; a mere trifle; juſt nothing: I ſhall not feel it, believe me.

Mrs. Air. How can I be too grateful for ſuch a generous proof of your friendſhip? Sure you were born to——

Enter Toby.

What the deuce has brought that booby back! [*Aſide.*

Toby.

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Toby. Father desires you would call in your way, and take him up at the sword-cutler's.

Gorget. How! the young cub? This is lucky beyond expectation!—Here, madam, are the five hundred guineas, which you will be kind enough to pay, with my thanks, to Mr. Aircastle, your husband.

Mrs. Air. Finely taken and turned; what infinite wit and contrivance! [*aside.*]—But would it not be right, colonel, just to sign a receipt?

Gorget. Unnecessary, madam; but just as you please.

Mrs. Air. There is pen and ink in the room over head.

Gorget. Give me leave to conduct you.

[*Exeunt Gorget and Mrs. Air.*

Toby. I don't understand what father and mother's about. Here am I dizened, and skewered, and graced, just like a young colt that is a-breaking: Nay, they were going to advertise me too, as if I was really a horse; but lawyer Flaw has made them alter their minds, and I am to be disposed of by private contract, I think. I can't say that I am over-fond of their ways. Oh, poor Betsy Blossom! let them match me to whoever they will, I shall never love any like thee: I believe I should have put an end to their project, if I could but have found—Hey! who

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is this? Mercy on me! ſure it muſt be her ghoſt! and yet that can't be; becauſe ghoſts, they ſay, never comes but at night. Betſy?

Enter Betſy Bloſſom.

Betſy. Maſter Toby?

Toby. But is it poſſible? can it be you?

Betſy. As you ſee.

Toby. Well, and how? Lord, I have ten thouſand queſtions to aſk you. Where haſt been? how doſt do? how comeſt here? Why, you are vaſt fine, Betſy, all of a ſudden; you be not married?

Betſy. Married? no, no; you have put that out of my power, you know.

Toby. Me? how ſo, Mrs. Betty?

Betſy. Is that a queſtion now to be aſked? have you ſo ſoon forgot what has happened between us?

Toby. No, no; I remember ſome part pretty well, I believe: But you cannot come for to go for to ſay, that we ever went to church together, in that there way you mean.

Betſy. That ceremony, Mr. Toby, you know well, was all that was wanting——

Toby. Beſides, it could not be, Mrs. Betſy; becauſe why, as father ſays, ſince the parliament-houſe interfered, it is againſt the law to marry for love.

Betſy.

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Betſy. How! what, are all your vows, oaths, promiſes, forgot? does not this ſixpence, broken between us, when we laſt met in the grove, ſtare you full in the face?

Toby. Yes; I have t'other half in my pocket.

Betſy. Does not your conſcience, Mr. Toby, upbraid you? But men are all traitors alike! their whole ſtudy is to delude poor innocent maids. Oh! why did I truſt that fair face and flattering tongue, and not ſuſpect the wily ſerpent that was lurking beneath?

Toby. Nay, Betſy——

Betſy. But my prayers are granted, however; my only wiſh was to ſee you once more——

Toby. My ſweet, dear, little Betſy——

Betſy. Once more to ſurvey that ſweet form; the buſineſs of life is now over! Eyes, take your laſt look! open, thou cold earth, to receive me——

Toby. Lord have mercy! if you don't frighten me out of my wits.

Betſy. To thy dreary manſion I come! there my ſorrows will ceaſe, and my ſhame, and name, be forgot by the unpitying—Oh! [*Faints.*

Toby. Stop, ſtop, deareſt Betſy, and take me along with you! Murder, fire, water! Waiter! what, will nobody come to aſſiſt her?

Enter

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Enter Tom.

Tom. Bleſs me, Sir! what can be the matter?

Toby. Why, here is a poor young creature at her laſt gaſp: Clap her hand, and bend her forward a bit!

Tom. Miſs Betſy? Mercy on us! how came this about? It is only a fit; ſhe revives, her eyes begin to open a little.

Betſy. Where am I?

Toby. In the fore-room, up one pair of ſtairs.

Tom. Bleſs me, Sir, what can be the occaſion of this?

Toby. Why, it is a young woman that is breaking her heart.

Tom. Her heart? and for what?

Toby. Why, for love of me, to be ſure.

Tom. And can you be ſuch a barbarian? why, you muſt have the heart of a tiger, to ſtand unſhocked at ſuch a horrible ſcene.

Toby. Nay, I have been ſhocked enough, if that is all.

Tom. Then why don't you remove her diſtreſs?

Toby. Why, ſhe wants me to marry her.

Tom. And is that all ſhe aſks; and can you heſitate for ſuch a trifle as that?

Toby. Why, how can I, when father and mother

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mother have promiſed me to an Indian woman, as rich as a Jew, from beyond ſea?

Betſy. How! and have I a rival? perjured monſter! But think not my death ſhall finally cloſe our account; my ſhade, like Margaret's grimly ghoſt, ſhall purſue thee, haunt thee in dreams at midnight, ſhake thy curtains round thy guilty head, and holloa in thine ear!

Bethink thee, Toby, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath;
And give me back my maiden vow,
And give me back my troth.

Toby. Take it with you, Mrs. Betty, whenever you pleaſe.

Betſy [*Sings*].

For this I'll haunt thy midnight dreams,
And hover round thy bed;
Thy ears I'll fill with horrid ſcreams,
Nor leave thee till thou'rt dead.

Toby. Why, you won't go to be ſo cruel, I hope! what, is there no amends to be made?

Tom. So, Sir, you ſee, dead or alive, ſhe is determined to plague you.

Toby. Yes, yes; I ſee it well enough. Lord, who could have thought it? ſhe is mightily changed ſince her coming to London.

Tom.

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Tom. This town is apt to open the mind.

Toby. Is it? I hope it will ſhut again, though, when ſhe gets into the country. But pray, Mr. What-d'ye-call-em, by what chance did Betſy come here?

Tom. My miſtreſs took her in, out of compaſſion: It is wonderful how charitable a lady ſhe is! why, we have five or ſix more young women here in the ſame ſituation.

Toby. Indeed? ſhe muſt be the moſt goodeſt woman on earth: Well, if ſhe don't go to Heaven, what chance has ſuch a poor creature as I?

Tom. None at all, unleſs you repair the wrongs ſhe has ſuffered.

Toby. But if I was minded to comply with her wiſh, I don't ſee how I can bring it about?

Tom. You are one-and-twenty, no doubt?

Toby. Theſe three years and above.

Tom. And Miſs?

Toby. Within a twelvemonth of me.

Tom. Oh, then I will manage matters, I warrant. Where are you going?

Toby. To call on father, at a ſhop near the old black man a-horſeback; the wind has blown his hat from his head.

Tom. Very well! Give them the ſlip as ſoon as you can; run back here; you will find us—

Betſy.

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Betſy. What, is he a-going? oh!

Toby. Nay, Betſy, be quiet! ben't I ready to do all that you want? If you faint any more, I wiſh I may die if I'll have you.

Betſy. Won't you?

Toby. No.

Tom. Courage, Miſs! keep up your——

Toby. Right, Mr. —— or, if ſhe muſt faint, can't ſhe wait a little, till I get out of the houſe?

[*Exit.*

Tom. He is off: Finely managed! Do not ſtir from hence: I will run to the Commons, and be back again in a—One kiſs, as a reward for the part I have——

Enter Toby.

Toby. I forgot to aſk, Sir, where I ſhould——

Tom. Run! here, Sir! ſhe is fainting again!

Toby. Is ſhe? then call ſomebody elſe, for I will make the beſt of my way—— [*Exit.*

Tom and Betſy. Ha, ha, ha! [*Exeunt.*

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ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Mrs. Fleece'em and Prig.

Mrs. Fleece'em.

IT is lucky the Doctor is at home [*aſide*]. John, you may take the ſilks of Mr. Prig, and put them into the coach.—How could I be ſo giddy to forget my purſe, and leave it on the table? All my ſervants are honeſt, I hope.

Prig. No doubt; it would be the greateſteſt of crimes, to injure a lady of your affability and aimiability.

Mrs. Fl. Quite polite, I proteſt, Mr. Prig! I am ſorry, however, Sir, to have given you all this trouble.

Prig. I conſider it, madam, as one of the moſt greateſteſt pieces of happineſs that could have befallen Paul Prig. Your la'ſhip is a perfect pattern of humility: To ſuffer a ſimple tradeſman like me to occupy part of your la'ſhip's coach, is ſuch an honour that——

Mrs. Fl. Honour? by no means, Mr. Prig: I don't know a ſtation more uſeful, or indeed more reputable, than that of a citizen like you, who

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who condescends to employ his genius in adorning his fellow-creatures. The ladies, indeed, are most obliged to your labours.

Prig. Were all ladies like you, madam, my condition would be celestial indeed; for, as Master Shakspur says,

"The labour we delight in physicks pain."

Mrs. Fl. Mr. Prig, I protest you surprize me! who could have expected so much gallantry from the Ward of Farringdon-Within?

Prig. Your charms, madam, would animate even a native of Hockley in the Hole!

Mrs. Fl. Fy, Mr.——

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My master begs you would step into his study. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Fl. Mr. Prig, you will excuse me a moment: It is lucky my lawyer is at home; I shall take the money, and not give you the trouble to go so far as my house. I shall soon call again at your shop. [*Exit.*

Prig. The greatest pleasure, madam, that I could ever have.—Ha, ha! left her purse on the table? a likely story, indeed! No, no; I understand her ogles and leers; her eyes spoke more truth than her tongue. I don't recollect to have seen her before; but she has seen me, that is clear,

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from the ſtrength of her paſſion. "Soon call at "your ſhop?" and how ſoft the tone of her voice! Yes, yes; I believe you will. Well, well, you ſha'n't be diſappointed, my dear; his worſt enemies can't accuſe Paul Prig of being cruel.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. You had better ſtep into this room; there is a fire.

Prig. By all means. "A ſtation more uſeful, "or more reputable, than that of a"—poor creter! ſhe muſt be very far gone indeed. [*Exeunt.*

Another Room.

Doctor Hellebore and Mrs. Fleece'em diſcovered.

Helle. To whoſe recommendation, madam, do I owe the honour——

Mrs. Fl. The world's, doctor; your great reputation.

Helle. Oh, madam!

Mrs. Fl. But, as I was obſerving to you, Sir, if it was not for theſe unaccountable whims in my uncle, no man in England has a finer underſtanding, or a clearer conception: Nothing irregular in his conduct; diſcharges all the ſocial duties with the utmoſt exactneſs; reaſons with the moſt perfect preciſion upon every ſubject.

Helle. And the ſtate of his bodily health?

Mrs. Fl. He does not complain.

Helle.

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Helle. And theſe diſtractions are frequent?

Mrs. Fl. I think more ſo, of late.

Helle. Ay, the great tenſion of the Pia-mater muſt enfeeble the ſyſtem; and the paroxiſms, of courſe, oftener repeated, and of longer continuance. And his whims, you ſay——

Mrs. Fl. To the laſt degree extravagant: Laſt week he ſuppoſed himſelf a young neſtling crow, and conſtantly opened his mouth, like a bill, and cawed for food, when he found himſelf hungry.

Helle. A manifeſt mark of diſtraction!

Mrs. Fl. His whim of to-day is peculiar enough.

Helle. Of what kind?

Mrs. Fl. He ſuppoſes himſelf a mercer upon Ludgate-Hill.

Helle. A mercer?

Mrs. Fl. And that he has ſold me a parcel of ſilks, for the payment of which I have conducted him hither.

Helle. Why, madam, we do now and then meet with extraordinary inſtances: But could not I ſee your uncle?

Mrs. Fl. I brought him hither on purpoſe.

Helle. [*calling.*] Deſire the gentleman below to walk up. Why, madam, the goodneſs of his health we look upon as a bad ſympton, in theſe kind of of caſes; when they ariſe from a fever, why——

Mrs. Fl.

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Mrs. Fl. I hope there will be no occaſion for violent remedies, ſuch as correction, or ſtraight waiſtcoats?

Helle. Not if he is tractable.

Mrs. Fl. But if that ſhould not be the caſe, Sir?

Helle. The beſt way, ma'am, is to leave him to my care a little: I have a convenient houſe not far from town, where mad people are managed with greater advantage.

Mrs. Fl. I ſhall ſubmit his treatment entirely to you.—But I ſuppoſe, Sir, it will be right for me to withdraw, as you may have ſome queſtions to aſk him, improper for the ear of a lady. I will pay a ſhort viſit, now I am in this part of the town.

Helle. As you pleaſe, madam.—A diſcreet perſon! this does not ſeem to be a family complaint. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. Fl. Here he is. I muſt humour him a little.

Enter Prig.

This gentleman, Sir, will ſettle our little affair. Depend upon it, I ſhall be with you ſoon. [*Exit.*

Prig. I ſhall wait for that honour with the greateſt impatience.—She is a fine creter!

Helle. Come, Sir, take a chair.

Prig. Sir, there is no occaſion.

Helle.

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Helle. You had better, as I ſhall have a good many queſtions to aſk you.—[*They ſit.*] Well, Sir, and how do you find yourſelf?

Prig. Sir, you are very obliging! I am, I thank you, in very good health.

Helle. Don't you feel yourſelf at times inclined to be feveriſh?

Prig. Feveriſh! not I, Sir.

Helle. And have you had no material complaints, for any time back?

Prig. Not that I recollect; a ſlight touch of the *influenza*, indeed; but fared full as well as my neighbours.

Helle. And your appetite?

Prig. As uſual; but I am at no time an over-great eater.

Helle. So much the better. Favour me with your hand, if you pleaſe.

Prig. Sir! [*Riſes, and offers his hand.*

Helle. Keep your ſeat, if you pleaſe.—[*Feels his pulſe.*] Rather a little too lively! And as to your ſleep now, is it continued or broken?

Prig. Sir!

Helle. Are your ſlumbers without interruption? have you no ſtarts?

Prig. Not that I know of; indeed, I never was over-fond of my bed.

Helle. Ay, reſtleſs; I thought ſo.

Prig.

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Prig. Indeed, my buſineſs requires that I ſhould be an early riſer; when an apprentice, I was always the firſt in the ſhop.

Helle. An apprentice? poor man! but, however, I ſee no violent ſymptoms at preſent; a preparatory medicine, till we can put him into a regimen. Be ſeated! I will fetch you a draught that will immediately ſettle the buſineſs. [*Exit.*

Prig. A draft!—A draft on his banker, I reckon: Why could not he have given it me at firſt? An odd man! what the deuce has my health to do with my bill? Let us ſee; what is the tote? A hundred and ninety-two pounds, ſix, and—oh! here he is, I ſuppoſe, with the check.

Enter Hellebore, with a bottle and phial.

Helle. You will take this draught, three times a-day, at two hours' diſtance, firſt ſhaking it well.

Prig. Sir?

Helle. And nine drops of this, in a glaſs of water, firſt going to bed; it will ſerve to compoſe——

Prig. Compoſe? here muſt be ſome miſtake in this matter! I fancy, Sir, you take me for ſomebody elſe—my name, Sir, is Prig; I keep the great mercer's ſhop, as you go up Ludgate——

Helle. Hum! very well, Sir.

Prig. And am come with the lady below, to be paid this here bill in my hand.

Helle.

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Helle. Oh, Sir, I am no ſtranger to the whole of that ſtory: But how could you now—for, as you are cool at preſent, I will reaſon the matter a little—how could a man of your rank and fortune, indulge ſuch an improbable whim?—I ſay a mercer indeed!

Prig. And pray, good Sir, who d'ye take me to be?

Helle. Oh, Sir, I know very well; your niece has fully informed me.

Prig. My niece? I have no niece, at leaſt, not in London, I am ſure.

Helle. No? what d'ye think of the lady who conducted you hither?

Prig. She my niece? Damn me, Sir, till this morning, if ever I ſet eyes on her! Sure——

Helle. Oh, ho! what, you are beginning to be violent: You had better be quiet, or I ſhall find a method to tame you.

Prig. Tame me, Sir? I don't underſtand what you would be at! Will you pay me my bill here, or not?

Helle. Your bill? poor creature!

Prig. Poor creter, Sir? none of your *poor creters* to me! follow your client's directions, and diſcharge me at once.

Helle. My client?

Prig. Ay, Sir. When money is in the caſe,

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a man may as well have to do with Old Nick, as a lawyer; there is no getting it out of their hands.

Helle. Oh, he takes me for a lawyer. The paroxiſm is exceedingly ſtrong. Who is there? Order a coach, and let the three keepers convey him to Chelſea.

Enter Three Keepers.

Prig. Me to Chelſea? let any body touch me that dare!

Helle. Ay, ay, we will ſee that.

Prig. This is ſome conſpiracy, I ſuppoſe, to bam, to chouſe me out of my money.

Helle. You will take him to Chelſea.

Prig. Hands off!

Helle. And, as you ſee he is violent, let him have the back room, with the barr'd windows, up two pair of ſtairs.

Prig. Me to Chelſea? me barr'd windows, and back room two-pair of ſtairs?

Helle. If the fit ſhould encreaſe, put on the ſtreight waiſtcoat. I ſhall call myſelf in the evening.

Prig. Let me go, gentlemen! This is a damn'd contrivance, to rob me! Unhand me, or you ſhall be all ſwing'd and ſous'd! impriſon a citizen, that only comes for his money? Damn me, Jack

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Jack Wilkes's affair will be but a flea-bite to this! [*Keepers hurry him off.*

Helle. If this is the caſe, on with the waiſtcoat.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Fleece'em and Flaw.

Flaw. Ha, ha, ha! poor Prig! in what a pi-teous plight have you left him!—But the Air-caſtles will all be here immediately, ſo take care we are not interrupted.

Mrs. Fl. As they are ſo exceedingly credu-lous, the buſineſs will ſoon be diſpatched.

Flaw. In a trice. I have ſtipulated that your proviſion ſhall be ſecured before the ſolemniza-tion.

Mrs. Fl. Right, right; perfectly right.

Flaw. But have you properly prepared the girl for the purpoſe?

Mrs. Fl. Her part will be eaſy.

Flaw. True; but ſhe ſhould be adroit; as events may ariſe, that will require ſome little ſkill: Who the deuce have you got?

Mrs. Fl. Why, I conſidered that as a very tickliſh point; it would be dangerous to truſt, and difficult to find in this town a ſuitable ſubject: Don't you think that the black girl I brought with me from Boſton——

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Flaw. The negro? zounds, her complexion will betray her at once!

Mrs. Fl. I have thought of an expedient to ſecure us from that.

Flaw. It is true, theſe people have no great penetration; but what we do——

Mrs. Fl. Muſt quickly be done: I will juſt ſpeak to the girl. [*Calls.*] Marianne!

Enter Marianne.

Mar. What you want, Miſſy?

Mrs. Fl. Go in and throw yourſelf on the bed; and, do you hear? let the window be ſhut, and the curtains drawn exceedingly cloſe.

Mar. Yes, Miſſy.

Mrs. Flee. And whoever ſpeaks to you, don't you chatter and talk, but ſigh now and then, as if you were ſick: You will be only aſked a queſtion or two; as, *if you are ill?* or *are better?* to which you need ſay nothing but *yes.*

Mar. Nothing but *iſs.* I take care, Miſſy, never you fear.

Mrs. Flee. And, Marianne, no candle!

Mar. No, no, Miſſy. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Fl. Oh, ſhe will anſwer our purpoſe, I warrant: Beſides, unleſs they are very preſſing to ſee her, there will be no occaſion to produce her at all.

Flaw.

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Flaw. But, I beg your pardon, there will by my directions, the ſon is provided with preſents, with a view to propitiate his Venus.

Mrs. Fl. [*rap at the door.*] There they are! Mr. Flaw, you will receive them? It will be right for me to retire, to ſee if all things within are in order. [*Exit.*

Enter Aircaſtle, Mrs. Aircaſtle, and Toby.

Air. I tell you the boy is an abſolute ſight, and I ſhould not wonder if the young lady was to——

Mrs. Air. You wonder? and pray who made you a judge of the proper——

Flaw. Huſh, huſh! for Heaven's ſake, huſh! conſider where you are!

Air. She is at her old tricks, Mr. Flaw; there is no——

Flaw. A key lower, good Sir, if you pleaſe! You will frighten the family.

Air. By her good will, I ſhould never open my mouth, but to eat.

Mrs. Air. I know but little elſe that it's good for.

Flaw. Nay, madam, now you are as faulty as he. Only think what a ſtrange impreſſion this will make on the ladies within! I beg you will ſuſpend your warfare a while.

Mrs. Air. Well, well!

Flaw.

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Flaw. And no contradiction, I beg; but be attentive and polite to each other, as people of faſhion ſhould be: You may renew hoſtilities, and make up for loſt time, as ſoon as you are out of the houſe.

Mrs. Air. Why, how is it my fault, Mr. Flaw?

Air. Nor ſhall it be mine: For man and wife to quarrel before folks is rather rudiſh, I own; by ourſelves, indeed, it is a pretty innocent amuſement enough—Tom Teſty, of our town, uſed to ſay—his wife was a Devonſhire girl; if I am not miſtaken, from Plymouth—where, by the bye, they have the beſt John Dories in England—Old Quin, one ſummer, went thither on purpoſe——

Flaw. And if, Mr. Aircaſtle, you would contract your converſation a little—To be ſure, your manner is pleaſing, and your matter full of inſtruction; but as we meet upon buſineſs—

Air. I believe you are right, Mr. Flaw. Come, my love; let us ſhew him how polite we can be, if we pleaſe.—Dear Mrs. Aircaſtle, how I admire your taſte! theſe here ſkirts of the boy's are ſo light and genteel, and ſo airy—

Mrs. Air. True; I am happy, my dear, that I have your approbation: Thoſe we got made in the country, trapes and dangle like a parcel of petticoats.

Air.

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Air. Right, my love.—For all the world, like a Hounſlow poſt-boy! His whole figure is juſt like a ſpider, nothing but legs; a mere couple of ſtilts!—And then that top to his wig, my dear child——

Mrs. Air. Gives a faſhionable turn to his face; and then adds to the height.

Air. It has indeed, my ſoul, a prodigious happy effect.—A block, popping out of a hair-cutter's window, up two pair of ſtairs in the Strand.—And then that bunch at his back——

Flaw. Huſh! here comes the lady.

Enter Mrs. Fleece'em.

This, madam, is the family for whom I told you I had ſo warm an affection; and this the young gentleman whoſe alliance I recommend for Miſs.

Mrs. Air. Grace, Toby!

Mrs. Fl. I make no doubt, madam, but my niece will think herſelf happy in an union with ſo accompliſhed a perſon.

Air. Why, as to that, Toby, Mrs.—— what is the gentlewoman's name?

Flaw. Mrs. Fleece'em.

Air. I recollect, madam, going ſome years ago with one of that name in the ſtage-coach to York—we were overturned about a mile beyond Newark—the parſon of the pariſh—he became

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became afterwards a prebend of Worceſter, in the room of old Walter Wench'em, who was caſt in a ſuit of *crim. con.* by Sir Timothy Tally-hoe, remarkable for the beſt pack of hounds in the country——

Mrs. Air. For Heaven's ſake, Mr. Aircaſtle!

Flaw. Have a care! you have forgot.

Air. I am dumb.

Mrs. Fl. Pray, madam, has the young gentleman travelled?

Mrs. Air. Who? Toby?

Air. Why, madam, I did once intend—but Sir Roger Ramble—who I am told will be ſtrongly oppoſed next election, for the borough of Barnſtaple, by Sir Walter Win'em—who during the whole time of Sir Robert Walpole's admin——

Mrs. Air. Mr. Aircaſtle, I beg pardon, but the lady directed the queſtion to me.

Air. True; my angel; and I am ſure nobody can give a better anſwer than dear Mrs. Aircaſtle——

Mrs. Air. You are very polite.

Air. But I was willing to ſave you the trouble, my ſoul.

Mrs. Air. I ſhall think it no trouble to ſatisfy the lady's enquiries.

Mrs. Fl. Nay, it was a matter of curioſity only:—There is, beſides, an elegance, a *je ne ſcai*

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ſcai quoi, in your ſon's air, that is rarely acquired in this country.

Mrs. Air. Did not I tell you the prodigious power of grace?

Air. Yes; but I could never have believed it.

Mrs. Air. Pray, madam, is the young lady at home?

Mrs. Fl. Juſt lain down for a little: The change of climate has given her a ſlight indiſpoſition; but a few days, I dare ſay, will reſtore her.

Mrs. Air. Miſs, I preſume, has a phyſician?

Air. A what? a phyſician, my life, for a little ſea-ſickneſs? Why, doctor Diet, at Margate, who, by the bye, intends to ſettle in London—his aunt, major Mortar's widow—who was killed by a bomb at the taking of Goree—Tom Truant, an old ſcooolfellow of mine, was cloſe by his ſide—Tom Tru——

Mrs. Air. Dear Mr. Aircaſtle, what has all this to do with the young lady's illneſs?

Air. I was coming to that, my ſoul, if you will let me. I don't know how it happens; in general, nobody is better bred than Mrs. Aircaſtle; but to-day ſhe won't let me bring out a word.—So, madam, Tom Truant, as I was—

Mrs. Air. Mr. Aircaſtle, I muſt interrupt you!

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Air. You muſt?

Mrs. Air. I can't ſuffer it, upon this lady's account.

Air. It was for her ſake, my ſoul, I was ſpeaking.—So, madam, Tom Truant——

Mrs. Air. If you perſiſt, I ſhall quit the houſe, I aſſure you!

Air. Quit the houſe?

Mrs. Air. This very inſtant!

Air. Zounds, madam, if you come to that, you may go to the——

Mrs. Air. Any where to get rid of your abſurd——

Air. For that matter, you can't be more willing than I.

Mrs. Air. Then, madam, I take my leave.

Air. When you will: This lady and I can eaſily ſettle matters without you.—So, madam, as I was ſaying, Tom Tru——

Flaw. For Heaven's ſake, Sir!—Mrs. Aircaſtle, be calm!—when things are juſt bringing to bear——

Air. All I meant was for the ſervice of Miſs.

Mrs. Fl. Very obliging, indeed. I ſhould be ſorry if any difference ſhould ariſe on my niece's account: Beſides, her illneſs is ſo trifling, that the young gentleman may, if he pleaſes, ſtep into her room to enquire after her health.

Mrs.

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Mrs. Air. Toby will be very happy, I am ſure. You ſee, madam, what the lad is.

Mrs. Fl. A moſt agreeable youth, I muſt own; and then his ſilence is a modeſt mark of his merit.

Air. Do you hear that, Mrs. Air——

Mrs. Air. Yes; and I hope it will make a proper impreſſion on you.—You, doubtleſs, madam, know the taſte of your niece; may we hope that Toby has any chance of ſucceeding?

Mrs. Fl. She was prodigiouſly pleaſed with Mr. Flaw's account of his parents; which, indeed, I now find to be true in every reſpect.

Air. and Mrs. Air. Oh, madam!

Mrs. Fl. And as to fortune, ſhe is totally careleſs in that, her own being much more than ſufficient.

Air. How manly that is in a woman!—I remember Miſs Patty Plumb of Jamaica did the very ſame—they ſay her grandfather was tranſported for robbing a hen-rooſt——

Mrs. Air. But as to his figure, madam; do you apprehend it will ſtrike her? Toby, hold up your head!

Mrs. Fl. I can ſee no reaſon againſt it: Indeed, the young gentleman has rather a fairer complexion than what ſhe has been commonly uſed

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to the natives of India, from their climate, have rather a fallower hue.

Mrs. Air. True, madam.

Mrs. Fl. But, if neceſſary, that may be eaſily altered by art; ſome ſaffron, or ſnuff, juſt ſkimmed over his face——

Mrs. Air. Quickly!

Air. I have a box of Scotch in my pocket: It may be done in an inſtant.

Mrs. Fl. Their hair, too, is moſt commonly dark; but a little German blacking here on each of the eyebrows——

Toby. If a burnt cork will do, I have one in my pocket.

Air. Mr. Flaw, will you ring for a candle?

Mrs. Fl. There is no neceſſity now: We have been obliged to ſhut out the light, as her eyes are rather tender and weak, with looking ſo long on nothing but water.

Mrs. Air. True, madam. Well, madam, we will detain you no longer: I am ſure it is impoſſible to ſay how much we are obliged—— you may rely upon it, we ſhall ever be grateful.

Mrs. Fl. I don't in the leaſt doubt it: Mr. Flaw has, I preſume, hinted my ſituation?

Mrs. Air. Moſt minutely: Mr. Aircaſtle has prepared the depoſit. You have the needful?

Air.

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Air. All but five hundred pounds, which you may have in the evening: I lent it juſt now to a—the ſtory will make you laugh, I am ſure: As I was going out, colonel—who commanded laſt war——

Mrs. Air. Is this a time for a ſtory?

Flaw. Fy, fy! diſpatch, Mr. Aircaſtle!

Mrs. Air. Here all the bills are.

Flaw. Nay, hold a little, I beg! This, you know, is a kind of compact; there are conditions to be performed on both ſides: Therefore the money ſhould, I think, be lodged in neutral hands, till the material point is complied with.

Mrs. Air. There is no occaſion.

Mrs. Fl. I can have no objection, I am ſure: where then ſhall we place it?

Mrs. Air. Mr. Flaw is a friend to both parties——

Air. True; the propereſt man in the world.

Mrs. Fl. I am not quite ſo certain of that. [*Aſide.*

Air. There, there the bills are, Mr. Flaw.

Mrs. Air. Now we will leave Toby and the lady together.

Air. Toby, don't forget to deliver the preſents.

Toby. I have them here in a box.

Air. Mind your behaviour, my good lad!—I wiſh we had time though to doctor his face: Againſt

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Againſt their next meeting, I will do it myſelf; I will manage that matter, I warrant: I learnt the art laſt autumn of a parcel of ſtrollers—they had been playing, during the Dog-days, with one Foote in this town—a fellow, they ſay, takes people off, and—

Mrs. Air. Nay, Mr. Aircaſtle, come along, I beſeech you!

Air. Well, well! you are always in ſuch a damnable hurry!

Mrs. Fl. Mr. Flaw, you are not going, I hope? becauſe I wanted juſt to ſpeak a few words——

Flaw. I ſhall be back in a minute.

[*Exeunt Flaw, Mr. and Mrs. Aircaſtle.*

Mrs. Fl. This, Sir, this is the door; tread ſoftly.

Toby. Had not I better pull off my ſhoes?

Mrs. Fl. No occaſion for that. [*Exeunt.*

Another room. Marianne in bed.

Enter Mrs. Fleece'em and Toby.

Mrs. Fl. This way! your hand!—Letty, my dear, the young gentleman I mentioned to you this morning, begs juſt to enquire after your health. There; I will leave you together: She is in the bed at the upper end of the room. I make no doubt, Sir, but you will behave with proper decorum. [*Exit.*

Toby.

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Toby. If you are afraid, you need not go out of the room.—The place is as dark as a dungeon! Upper end of the room! and how the deuce ſhould I know which that is? in the night, I can tell you, I ſhould be a good deal frightened to be ſo much in the dark, but it is well enough in the day, when one is about to make love; becauſe why, one is not ſo baſhful and ſhy; one can ſee to ſpeak one's mind with more boldneſs and courage, than in the light.—Me--Miſs! I thought ſhe had ſpoke; may be not. If I could but get hold of the curtains—the beſt way will be to creep cloſe by the wall, then I ſhall be ſure to—Miſs! Miſs!

Mar. Who be dat dere?

Toby. I.—*Dat dere?* one may find out by her tongue ſhe is a foreigner: I am pretty right now, I believe. What, Miſs, are you ſick?

Mar. Iſs.

Toby. But you are better, I hope?

Mar. Iſs.

Toby. I am glad on't: Then I ſuppoſe, Miſs, if you pleaſe, I may begin to make love?

Mar. Iſs.

Toby. Iſs? gad, I think it is ready made to my hands.—Did the gentlewoman, Mrs. Madam your aunt, ſay any thing about and concerning of me?

Mar.

Mar. Iſs.

Toby. Is it a ſecret?

Mar. Iſs.

Toby. Oh, then it would not be manners to ax: Well, Miſs, I hope you ben't averſe to the match?

Mar. Iſs.

Toby. Adzooks, then we are all off in an inſtant! What, Miſs, I ſuppoſe you ben't willing to have me?

Mar. Iſs.

Toby. Oh, then we are on again, as before: Then I may produce, I believe, I have brought you, Miſs, ſome curioſities, by way of preſentation, here in my pocket: Will you pleaſe to accept——

Mar. Iſs.

Toby. Here, then, I offer them up to the ſhrine of thy beauty. May I crave leave to kiſs your lily-white hand?

Mar. Iſs.

Toby. On my knees let me thank you, faireſt creature!—Her ſkin is vaſt ſoft. They be wonderful pretty things I have brought you; a'n't you mighty curious to ſee them?

Mrs. Iſs.

Toby. May I draw up the curtain a bit, only juſt to give you glimpſe?

Mar. Iſs.

Toby.

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Toby. So I will.—I ſhould be glad to have a peep at her too; ſhe is a mighty agreeable body; does not talk much, indeed; but is vaſt ſenſible; whatever ſhe ſays. This, I believe, is the ſtring: I wonder if ſhe is as handſome as Betſy Bloſſom: Gad, if ſhe is, Miſs Bloſſom muſt look out for ſomebody elſe, I can tell her. That's high enough, I believe.—That there thing in the leather-caſe is a watch; if you touch the nob that juts out, it ſtrikes all the world like a clock; mother has one, but then him is as big as a warming-pan. Perhaps, Miſs, you mayn't find the trick out! I'll ſhew you.—Hey! what is this? Lord have mercy on me! ſhe is turned all of a ſudden as black as a crow! ſure as can be, a judgment for forſaking poor Betſy.

Mar. Maſſa, won't you come here?

Toby. Not I.

Mar. I come to you, den.

Toby. The devil you will! you muſt run pretty faſt then.—Keep off me! holloa! houſe! ſtop the black thing that is hard at my—— [*Exit.*

Enter Mrs. Fleece'em.

Mrs. Fl. The rude puppy had like to have run over me: What is the meaning—Ha, the curtain drawn up? nay then—Marianne, who opened the window?

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Mar. Little Maſſa, to ſhew me de tick-tick—

Mrs. Fl. Fool, did not I tell you—But it was my own fault, to truſt ſuch an ideot! Go, get out of my ſight! [*Exit Mar.*

Enter Flaw.

Flaw. What the deuce is the matter? Toby is ſcampered down the ſtreet as if he had a legion of——

Mrs. Fl. Matter? why he has diſcovered the wench.

Flaw. 'Sdeath! I told you the folly of truſting theſe—we ſhall all be blown up in an inſtant: I ſaw the mother ſtop her chariot at the ſight of the whelp; ſo I ſuppoſe we ſhall have her back in a——

Mrs. Fl. Ay? then ſomething muſt be ſuddenly done.

Flaw. Done! but what?—I'll run after the boy, and hear his account of the matter.

Mrs. Fl. Stay! had not you better, Mr. Flaw, juſt leave with me Mr. Aircaſtle's depoſit?

Flaw. Pho! time enough; is this a ſeaſon to ſettle accounts? [*Exit.*

Mrs. Fl. So! I ſuppoſe he will march off with the money at laſt: I would have done as much, if I could but have touched it.

Enter Mrs. Aircaſtle.

Mrs. Air. Dear madam, I am in the utmoſt con-

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confuſion! I am afraid that wild boy has miſbehaved himſelf in ſome manner or other.

Mrs. Fl. A little miſtake, madam; but I proteſt my niece is ſo terrified, that ſhe is unable to give me any account——

Mrs. Air. Some rude prank of his, I dare ſay; I never could get his father——

Enter Colonel Gorget.

Gorget. The houſe is in ſuch confuſion, that I can't get any body to give me an anſwer.—Mrs. Aircaſtle!

Mrs. Air. Bleſs me, Colonel Gorget! who thought of meeting you here?

Gorget. An odd affair; but this lady, I ſuppoſe, Mrs. Fleece'em, will be ſo kind to explain it. A pretty young lad, an enſign of mine, has, I am afraid, been tricked out of a large ſum of money by one Flaw, a fellow of very bad fame.

Mrs. Air. How! Flaw?

Gorget. Under pretence of gaining promotion by this lady's aſſiſtance.

Mrs. Fl. Mine, Sir? I promiſe you this is the firſt mention I ever heard of the matter,

Gorget. Juſt, Madam, as I ſuſpected: But pray, Mrs. Aircaſtle, have you long had the honour of this lady's acquaintance?

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Mrs. Air. Acquaintance? Lord, colonel, I am terrified out of my wits. Your ear for a moment.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. A note, madam, which you are desired directly to read.

Mrs. Fl. Flaw's hand. [*Reads*], "The game "is up—we are blown—make off as fast as "you can," As matters stand, the best advice I can take, [*Going off.*

Mrs. Air. Madam, you are not going to leave us?

Mrs. Fl. Only just to enquire how my niece does after her fright: I shall be back immediately. [*Exit.*

Gorget. How! is it possible? a capital sum? Good Heavens, madam, and how could you trust it without consulting some friend?

Mrs. Air. Why, we both thought Mr. Flaw—

Gorget. Flaw? an infamous—

Enter Mr. Aircastle.

Air. Why, what the deuce has been the matter amongst you? They tell me Toby has been at home frightened out of his wits; and then run out directly with the waiter and some wench or other: I have

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I have ſent your Roger in ſearch of the whelp.—Ah, colonel, are you there?

Gorget. Came the minute before you.

Air. Well, colonel, hey, how? What, I ſuppoſe, by being here ſo ſoon, your affair has miſcarried.

Gorget. You are miſtaken indeed, my good friend.

Mrs. Air. What affair?

Air. I forgot to tell it you, child: Of a fine laſs in this town, that ſets up her perſon for ſale——

Mrs. Air. How!

Air. And had the modeſty to fix the price to the colonel at five hundred guineas.

Mrs. Air. Abominable! Can there be ſuch creatures?

Air. Aſk the colonel; that is all; An infamous harpy!

Gorget. Dear Mr. Aircaſtle, you are here in an error.

Air. Error? why, did not you tell me of a line ſhe ſent you?

Gorget. Very true.

Air. And did not I advance the caſh?

Gorget. Do I pretend to deny it?

Air. Well then?

Gorget. Your patience a moment, my dear friend! I gave her the money, it is true——

Air.

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Air. There, Mrs. Aircaſtle! did not I tell you——

Gorget. But then, like a woman of honour—

Air. Well?

Gorget. She told me that ſhe did it but to try the ſtrength of my paſſion——

Air. Pho, pho!

Gorget. And ſo immediately returned it again.

Air. Pſhaw! a bam, Mrs. Aircaſtle; don't believe it, my dear!

Gorget. To put the matter out of diſpute, I returned to your lodging directly; when, not finding you, I delivered the caſh to your lady.

Air. Indeed?

Gorget. In the very individual bag that you gave me; and before Maſter Toby, your ſon.

Air. Ay? and have you got the money, my dear?

Mrs. Air. Yes, yes; I received it.—Was ever woman ſo duped! but this town is full of Cozeners. [*Aſide.*

Gorget. I am afraid, Mr. Aircaſtle, that it was pretty lucky for you I happened to have the caſh in my hand.

Air. Lucky? I don't underſtand——

Gorget. Otherwiſe, it might have flown away with the reſt.

Air. Flown away?

Gorget.

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Gorget. By what Mrs. Aircaſtle has told me, I ſhrewdly ſuſpect you are got into the hands of ſome villainous ſharpers.

Air. How!

Gorget. Mr. Flaw, and his coadjutrix.—Within! who's there?—But we ſhall ſoon get the buſineſs explained.

Enter a Servant.

Gorget. Do you live with the perſon who inhabits this houſe?

Serv. But a very ſhort time.

Gorget. We wiſh to ſee her directly.

Serv. She is gone out.

Gorget. I thought ſo: And her niece too, I ſuppoſe?

Serv. Her niece, Sir?

Gorget. Ay.

Serv. I know no niece ſhe has.

Air. and Mrs. Air. How!

Gorget. Juſt as I ſuſpected: Now, Sir, do you begin to find what a ſituation you are in?

Air. Then I am totally ruined! I told you, Mrs. Aircaſtle, what would come of your—I remember Martin Moneytrap, of the Minories, was once in the very ſame way—he was taken in by a Portugueſe Jew——

Gorget. A truce to recrimination, I beg! we have

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have more material buſineſs in hand: Let this woman be directly purſued; and endeavour to recover at leaſt a part of——

O'Flan. [*without.*] Pray ſtep in a bit; if you plaſe, and refund freely the bill; or, upon my ſoul, I'll make you do me the favour by force!

Enter O'Flannagan with Mrs. Fleece'em.

All. Mrs. Fleece'em?

O'Flan. Yes, yes; it is, ſure enough; ſhe overtook me, as I met her hard by.

Gorget. We are obliged to you then for the lady's return?

O'Flan. You may ſay that: I ſtopped her juſt in the nick, as ſhe was ſlily walking off in a coach. Arrah, put off your hood, my dear honey; don't be ſhame-faced amongſt your friends and acquaintance.

Mrs. Fl. Stand off, you rude brute!

O'Flan. Better words, if you plaſe! You wanted to ſend me to be feathered abroad; ſo, in return, I ſhall beg lave, madam, to pluck you at home.

Gorget. No violence to the lady I beg, Sir! ſhe now finds ſhe is detected, and, I dare ſay, will do every body all the juſtice ſhe can. And, firſt, madam, as to the capital ſum which you had the addreſs to obtain from this——

Mrs.

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Mrs. Fl. What concern have I in the buſineſs? the gentleman himſelf gave it into the poſſeſſion of Flaw.

Gorget. Mr. Aircaſtle!

Air. That's true, I confeſs.

Gorget. But, ſince that, has not the property ſuffered a transfer?

Mrs. Fl. Not to me: But if you doubt it, you may ſearch the houſe when you pleaſe.

Gorget. Then it has got into worſe hands, I'm afraid.

Enter Mrs. Simony.

Mrs. Sim. I ſee by their confuſion my information was right.—Not to interrupt you, madam, I ſhould take it as a particular favour if you would immediately return the little note I left in your hands—for I have not a moment to ſpare.

Mrs. Fl. Note, madam? what note? I recollect, indeed, a hymn that you——

Mrs. Sim. Well, madam, that hymn, if you pleaſe.

Mrs. Fl. I gave it directly to Flaw, to get a friend of his to ſet it to muſick.

Mrs. Sim. Muſick? Ladies and gentlemen, a bank-note, I proteſt!

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Air. What! ſet a bank-note to muſick? I never heard of ſuch a thing.

Gorget. And pray, madam, what could induce you to truſt that woman with a bank-note?

Mrs. Fl. That ſhe will not ſo readily own; a little earneſt of a much larger bribe, to procure her huſband a living.

Gorget. How, madam! I hope your huſband was not appriſed of this application?

Mrs. Sim. The Doctor was totally ignorant; knew nothing about it.

Gorget. I am very happy to hear it: I ſhould be ſorry to find that a gentleman, whoſe peculiar duty it is to ſuſtain the purity of his profeſſion, ſhould himſelf be the very perſon to foil it; or that an office of ſo ſacred a nature, ſhould be ſolicited by ſuch unſanctified means.

Mrs. Sim. I believe my Doctor, Sir, will be hardly ſuſpected: But I have not time to ſay more for the preſent; I ſhall be ſtay'd for, and have not a moment to ſpare. [*Exit.*

Gorget. Let her go! that plunder, however, is fair.

Air. Well, well! but, colonel, notwithſtanding all that you ſay, I have heard there was a bet once made between the patron of a living and one Parſon Plurality—Plurality had been

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been a Preſbyterian—his father keeps a paſtry-cook's ſhop in Spring-gardens—juſt where Cox's Muſeum—by the bye, they tell me, Cox will get deviliſh rich by his lottery.

Gorget. But if we don't uſe ſome diſpatch, I am afraid you will get deviliſh poor.

Enter Prig, in a waiſtcoat and cap.

Prig. Where is this damn'd infernal—ſhe is burrow'd here, but I'll make her——

Air. Who the deuce can this be?

Mrs. Fl. Some madman eſcaped from his keepers, I reckon.

Prig. Yes, yes, I am eſcaped! but not mad: and if there is law to be had, I'll make you to know—keepers!—if I had not luckily met with ſome friends at the turnpike, I ſhould have been kept pretty cloſe, I believe. I recollected your footman that ſtood at the door, and gueſs'd you were not far off.

Air. What is this? a madman? I went to ſee one once in Bedlam—he— [*Exit Prig.*

Enter Roger.

Oh, here is Roger. Well, did you find where Toby is?

Roger. Yes, yes, I found un out; and in ſweet company too.

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Mrs. Air. Company?

Roger. A clergyman, Betſy Bloſſom, and our waiter at home.

Air. Zounds! I hope the boy is not married.

Roger. No; but they would have been, if I had not come juſt in the nick to fetch un away.

Air. Where is he?

Roger. In a ſhop at the corner. I wanted un to ſtep over; but he would not, becauſe why, he ſays as how the houſe is haunted.

Air. And why not? There was the manor-houſe in the pariſh of Paddington—Mrs. Air-caſtle, you may remember it formerly belonged to the Jeſſops; but, by the marriage of the heireſs with one of the Haſlewoods——

Gorget. Come, come, it is a lucky prevention; and, to give you a little conſolation, I believe I ſhall be able to recover your money from Flaw.

Mrs. Air. and Air. How, colonel?

Gorget. I took the liberty, by way of prevention, to get him ſecured for the money received of my enſign.

Air. Indeed?

Gorget. And, as this affair is rather of a criminal nature, he will think himſelf happy to eſcape by reſtoring the plunder.

Air. My kind colonel!

Gorget. I hope, madam, this will make you amends

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amends for your diſappointment in the five hundred pounds. [*Aſide.*

O'Flan. But what the divil is all this to my bill?

Gorget. Did this woman receive it?

Mrs. Fl. Flaw had it; but it wants ſome days of being due.

Gorget. Then we ſhall be able to ſtop the payment, at leaſt; it is ſafe, never fear.

O'Flan. That's lucky, however: And, by all I can hear, my beſt way, Mr. Colonel, will be to make an emigration back to Ireland again.

Gorget. By all means; and, by this time, many more of your countrymen would, I believe, be glad to follow your ſteps.

O'Flan. Like enough.

Air. And if, Mrs. Aircaſtle, we were to return back again——

Gorget. It would be the wiſeſt thing you could do.

Mrs. Air. What, to vegetate, like a parcel of plants?

Gorget. Ay, madam; for there are trees that won't bear tranſplanting; they thrive beſt in their natural ſoil.

Air. That's true, I can anſwer. Laſt ſummer, I tranſplanted ſome elm-trees——

Gorget. Lord! Mr. Aircaſtle, how can you—

Air.

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Air. Zounds! I muſt n't ſpeak—Sir, let me tell you the ſtory of the elm. [*To O'Flan.*

Garget. You, madam, till you have made all the ſatisfaction you can, muſt be contented to ſuffer a little confinement; after which, unleſs your country ſhould have ſome other call upon you, you may diſpoſe of yourſelf as you pleaſe.

Mrs. Fl. I am detected, diſtreſſed, and muſt therefore ſubmit! But, gentlemen, if all who have offended like us, were like us produced to the public, much higher names would adorn the Old-Bailey Chronicle than thoſe of poor Fleece'em and Flaw!

FINIS.

In the Preſs, and will be publiſhed in a few Days,

The COMEDIES of

The Maid of Bath,

AND

The Devil Upon Two Sticks;

Both written by the ſame Author,

And publiſhed by the ſame Editor.

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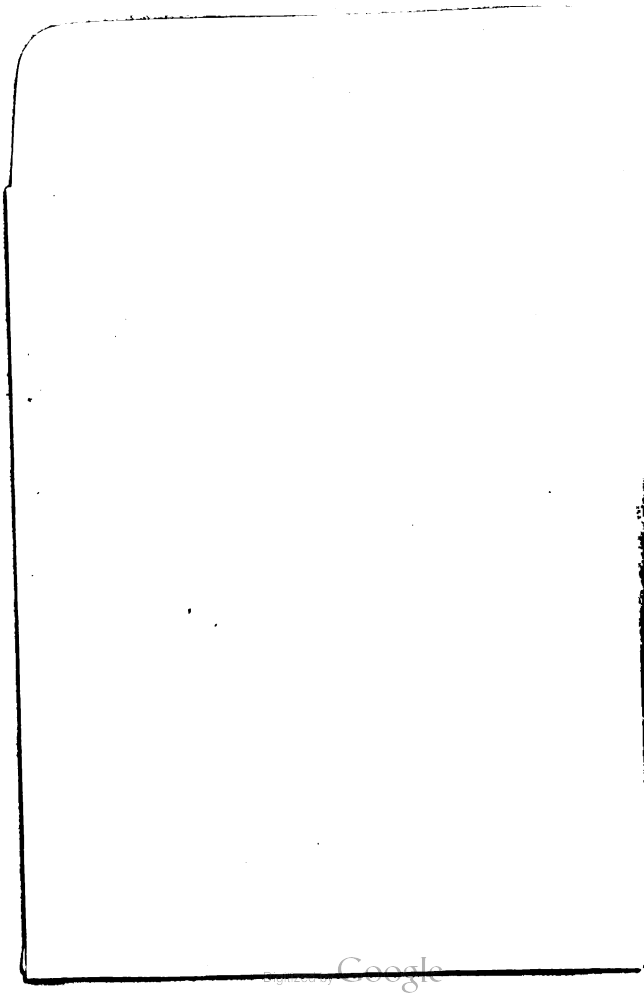

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